The Waves
or Moths.
.2.
Oct. 29th 1929

Heading up very faintly behind them.

But when Rhoda saw her face in the small glass she brushed her hand over it, thinking that she had in fact she had no face; I am not here, she thought. I am not among you. Other people have faces, but I have none. Then would, she thought, as they went upstairs, to the world the sun rises on. What they lifted was heavy. The ground was hard. They never hesitated when someone spoke. Either they laughed or they flew into a passion. & letting the table crash they cried No! Whereas all for her was darkness. She clutched in the middle of an eager. She hesitated when she was most elated. She was carried over the threshold; but she left her failure marked there, & was alone in the world. She sent the thick cup guardedly to her lips at tea, glancing sideways at her neighbour. But when she saw that Celia was there, then the whole row of faces moved & shook suddenly from side to side & stopped. Her whole being shaken from side to side & stopped. (She was a long shaped long little jail, with her where she hung light came at very thin & long at the end she stuck) She planted her cup so light & set it down exactly in the middle of the lace. Mr Celia was there very mouthful must be eaten with extreme delicacy & it, by chance, Celia looked above, (then one must make her see the extraordy legat they condemned talk without slurching; taught it for difficult to eat shell & draw breath without to eat. & She could not swallow her bread & butter.

Never wrong, for that is what he there.

Eleven.

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while Alicia looked at her. But afterwards, in the garden, how high she leapt, how wildly she ran, thinking that Alicia saw her, ~~traced~~ her, from some upper window: ~~imagining~~ that she stood behind ~~a certain~~ that curtain; ~~Then, if the game~~ were played in the playing field, she lingered behind that bush. But when she saw Alicia, walking with Jeya-Jennings the Staff, she was aghast once more. The ~~truth~~ fact of her presence was staggering. She had always much ado to walk past her; yet saw ~~with astonishment~~ the ~~unbeknown~~ girls who ran right up to her, went past her, like ~~mice into~~ in a tiger's den — & ~~she could hardly~~ sometimes, she dared cast a look at her; & then, speedily looked away; so as to gather another supply of that wonderful material, from which to build, at ~~at night~~ in in chapel, at ~~night~~, sitting over a book, or in bed at night, those pagodas, those dreams.

How beautiful, when night came, to let the great tower, that one had always to knock down by day, build itself over one; how she could ~~dream~~ pile up, dream by dream, to the wondrous story of Alicia ~~&~~ lovely; & add each night the ~~the~~ chapters made by day; lying alone safe in the dark. The day, with its bells & interruptions was too hard for the perfect unfolding, complete & entire, of all those pagodas, of what was in her; but in the emptiness of the night there giant trees grew, those unreal & beautiful trees; & she lay awake long during the night, going with agility among their ~~sh~~ glistening leaves; but always as she was about to ~~kiss~~ kiss her, the life faded. The tree was bright; it had no roots; its leaves cast no shadows.

Seize the heart of the Gordium; it slipped; & escaped her.

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~~Beautiful~~ ~~hidden lights~~ ~~darted into the~~
Never strange how ~~in the room~~ the light difficult was to
distinguish one thing from another in the room; how
whether that was light or flame, reality or reflection.
Coming in gradually as it did, the light which the lady
seemed to ~~wander~~, here & there — how never
the light seemed to leave things suspended, were hollows or
simply place; & then some spot of intensity. ~~But~~
It was unequal, visionary; many the most solid things as
insubstantial; cupboard were robbed of their structure:
beads might have flown through them. ~~Then~~ And
strangeness ~~descended on~~ I descended on the ordinary:
a knife, a plate. — ~~Less~~ had ~~at the edge~~, a faint
no hard outline; but might be ~~taken~~ white of white & dusp
varnish. ~~But the opacity~~ Yet, though the ordinary
names seemed ~~to~~ inhibiting, each thing, as the light
touched it, had ~~took~~ ~~an intensity~~, became ~~a dagger~~, a
~~indeed~~, something pursed, intense, baneful, — covered
with a fanatical opulence, overriding names; sharp in
cut, memorable to the eye — as there were an eye in
the hanging curtain-like shape, which presided over
the table like a judge, or lawgiver; or it might be only
hand held in prayer, or the vast structure which, in
Roman Catholic Churches, is raised over sacred dead;
~~&~~ the heads of ~~clergymen~~, priests as they dispense
blessing.

left, over her head like a ~~green~~ ~~cricket~~ ~~hood~~ of ~~sandals~~, Cricket, Coronet,

For ~~moments~~ now, the little bird on whose head beak, breast
~~the~~ ~~was~~ there were dots of dew, on whose
breast the sun ~~have~~ made canary wings, sang together
melody & rollicksomeness, as if they were ; for all

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the wood as if they were swinging together, Hatching & Swaying,
at a gate joined in some rude Rapture, Hustling
Lazy movement hung round; for it could not be that the voices that
that were so blithe, so rhythmical, came but from winged
bodies, swaying on branches & twigs scarcely strong, or
then, at silence came; a sudden Flight
Something ominous, a Cat behaps or some noise of
life in the Kitchen, startled them; & up they went into the air,
one voice screaming, ringing, reeling off its song. The sky thundered
at first like a hand clapped

So they moved Louis & Jasher & Reverent & Bernard
moved in their extraordinary world; among tons of
Cabbages & pruned oak; among the black boards of the
& the retorts the Laboratory; among or lay in the grass
but listening to the tap of the bats; (when one game was
over another began.) the bats hitting, hitting, hitting; &
as the little boys with stiff legs went on driving them
across the field. Archie & Claud, Tom, Hugh &
Walter & Richard & Thomas, a thousand So on
interminably; for no women had ever been bowled
than another marched out to take his place; & then
sometimes, Brakes would come, & they would be
hacked together out them, & driven off, to roaring —
with all their heads in a row, boasting about their Uncles &
Fathers & elder brothers at Oxford & Cambridge.

Louis admired them, for their assurance. Jasher liked their
pink innocent faces. Bernard

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horses. Leaning behind a pillar watched them drive off. He turned to Jasper watching too, they both thought the same thing — that they would then, & yet dreaded them, but it was unavoidable, it was inevitable. They knew that the boasting boys in the Great Hall, in that were what they wished to be — so fearless, so simple. Yes, but little devil too, Jasper thought; cruel, brutal creatures, leaping behind them & tearing about butterflies with their wings pinched off; & darkly hooked Lord Chancellors, clotted into blood; & making by small boys sobbing in corners. Yet, but how strong, too, how entirely certain of their wishes, & entire in their enjoyment; it might be a beast; it might be Kathy bathe about. Leap of fire somewhere. And how beautiful too; if one did not Count that from mind beyond ears, & an expression in the face that was so rare that one was startled sometimes to find it on a face — by the boy entirely — such was the impermeability of their Perhaps. Indeed Louis went off, alone. Jasper looked stealthily, hesitatingly, unable to tear himself from the place & the comfort & the assurance, however one named it, of this unbelievable; — & health, & tightness — yes, though they teased & mocked — laughed, it was that kind of humanly fizzing up: a sort of effervescence, without which the barbarism & the indignity were unbearable; & also one might lead explain to them too — teach them. So, he moved Gently the body her his arm over round Archie's shoulder, or lying on the long grass bathed about Greece to the the Greeks, to the beautiful, but unfortunately very backward, barbarous; — where teach for this was we like a Greek, that it scarcely seemed to matter that he was a broken down, a disgrace, a hooligan, an omen fraught with disaster — & he the Dr. moved boom, at him, without making the slightest impression:

Jump up in terror of the vacancy.

2 words

even

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$$\frac{4_{32} \cdot 10}{9} = 10$$

was bound to bring disgust upon his parents. "Boy" the doctor
groomed at him ~~daily~~ blunt, hearty, always ~~teasing~~ teasing to ~~be~~
teasing, always much ~~better~~, heartier, kinder, more
~~satisfying~~, ~~more~~ nobler, than a real person.

But Louis, when the brake had driven off stole away.
An Australian, speaking with an accent, he nevertheless
(as he walked across the Courtyard ~~given~~ given to have an
hour's Classical tuition with him (Grace) was the
Victim of a very ancient family. He possessed the most
admired gifts of Ease, a Southern wit. His saying
"Can she wield ~~just~~ through the Court. Duchess would
give the emeralds at ~~their~~ neck" &c &c on; he was
admitted to anti-chambers. There was the Marquis and the
Duc de Saint Simon. He held out his ~~hand~~ small boy-
ish fashion at Mrs Grace's glanced back door; a wicked, the
awkward colonial boy, who had a passion for Latin
poetry, yet talked with an accent; in the presence
of what ~~awful~~ titles. ~~He touched~~ absent-minded man;
with his perfect social fashion. He was standing on a
chair to reach down a book — his ~~father~~ Dictionary.
"~~The diamonds blaze on my forehead~~"
Rhodes, too, as he bent ~~down~~ to ~~wash~~ over the
lavatory basin to wash after the Gymnasium,
left bare down the Russian Empress veil: Name
about her shoulders. The diamonds of the imperial
Crown blaze on my forehead, the Khyat (yet he father
was a mere barrister, ~~in a hat~~ always black coat, very
seeming in his way: sown from ~~Lincoln's Inn~~ surely across ~~to Court~~ Temple Bar
& walking very slowly, so as not to disarrange the
Academ. She went into the Library, this hot Spring
afternoon, & took down the double columned
Shelley that stood there with the round label, C. 48.

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The old darkies in white jerseys
& yellow trousers & the
old tolling inverted;
Klan All

Leaning her arms on the desk, with the veil flowing over her shoulders, she read about the floating water lilies, broad & bright

which let the oak that over hang the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light

& she gathered flower after flower, as she read, & made a nosegay & hastened to present it

O! to whom?

O to whom, she repeated, looking rapidly out of the window & feeling the wet. damp wet white flower, laid beside her in the cart, with broad green leaves, & she fondly felt like them, weak & laid weak & tender & damp on the there; heavy yet some extraordinary sweetness about it was handsome, handsome, yet extremely luxurious; & she was restful, & shake resolute. & felt the her, languor, her indifference. her sense of the overpowering weakness of life, & its terror, in her thighs, which seemed soft, as laden like a bees with honey, & there was some burden in them to be laid down. let flow, along with all the flow & sweetness & mystery of that something hidden, & the sweet smelly flowers, the dreams of deep waters that went flowing so softly & mysteriously out & out — sweet water, with white lilies floating on them. Her body felt powerless, infinitely susceptible, made of some O to whom she repeated, looking out the window at the distant couples loitering along the Cart ploughes on the heath, far away, for the fades was raged with immaculate turf & white flowers; & there were also giant iron gates.

like the Seine

with some burden,

white poppies cells,

School

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She seemed to think it. Just as over her, ~~but~~ not that ply a separately, but in a broad ~~stream~~ cloud; as ~~of the sun so made~~ ~~before the the body has become~~ as if from her whole body, became porous & illumined. the blank flesh no lit, like ~~a~~ a slab of glass in a pavement. ~~before there~~ no longer ~~black~~ white & thick but lit like the a slab of glass in a pavement. Thereon she lay the sheaf of white flowers, ~~Headed~~ Stalked with broad green leaves, lovely abundant, to be gathered together & given not to ~~one person~~ anybody in particular. The sweet stream, that was yet pale & irregularly & thin of pain, as if the flow of ~~her~~ were short checked here & there by weight, had to surmount opposition, to feel its deep way round some obstacle, went flowing out in a ~~delicious~~ tide, ~~fertilising~~ & fresh & sweet, leaving her ~~sweet~~, while ~~the~~ ~~face~~ ~~changed~~ but relieved of some oppression, hazy overcome ~~some~~ ~~lapsed~~ vast oblate & impediment, & ~~become~~ incandescent, her body luminous, ~~with~~ ignorance removed, & blindness ~~banished~~ the thickness ~~of~~ the body made light. & transhant & heaven. She ~~saw the old factory~~ watched as a ~~Canadian~~ steamer crossing the bay. Good

So with Celia & Sara & Jenny:- ~~when walking together~~ ~~down the~~ the long grass path leading to the plantation seemed to be hazy; ~~with insect sounds~~, & so with; & ~~the in the evening a light quivered over the~~ blurred the outlines of ~~face because~~ their face, ~~in the evening~~, had lost the eyes reflected ~~their~~ blue, their hazel; ~~the candid and~~ what was hard & candid before, the eyebrows & clarity was gone, from their eyes; ~~they~~ something deep down had melted; & ~~even~~ its darkness & dreaminess, to the depths the eyes, as if they had in them the knowledge of time commenced held alone ~~time~~ ~~with~~ a chant, which made them whole checked & laughed, but

but to the ~~wrong~~ & desirable ~~wife~~ to the whole world but to the sea, to the world.

& the blindness of the body ~~was~~ opened.

& its ignorance lit up.

became ~~knowledge~~. understanding

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also more apprehensive & studious, when they bent over their lesson books.
& panted for the bath, or gazed at the lilacs, hanging in purple bunches
among the leaves; or else lay on the grass, gazing at the clouds
moving ~~across~~ ~~so~~ in the soft depths of the blue sky; or
watching the tufts of white substance, gathered together in
little groups. ~~How strange that the week,~~ last, ~~had~~ year,
seemed ~~what had been in existence~~ they had been like ignorant, had seen
nothing; & now they saw everything, ~~but~~ tenderly, & felt; with new eyes; ~~and~~
~~In the spring had~~ covered the old stalks dry all these months. The
Covered with flowering grass; & bushes; & dust; & full of meaning.

Earlier pure. clear;

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how the tide had covered the ~~bank~~ stake ~~of~~ which
had been ~~to~~ bare only last summer; & it had come round &
flowed over them with its deep murmuring waters,
so that the edge of red bush walls quivered; & the
there was a tint of pale purple light over
how they saw everything trembling & seemed would not rest
grey & violets, — eyes faces, & even the hands each of this
whole chorus quivered like this, & their eyes
filled suddenly with tears, as they sank laughingly down
alone & ~~the~~ ~~two~~ feeling the tug of the obstruction, the
impediment & the pain & the ~~sh~~ laughter;
lightening as if the deep tide had surmounted some
obstacle & ~~was~~ the ~~creation~~ door had opened into a
an immense world. with which they began working with words.
~~wondering eyes~~

The blank interrogation

as the light regained,

distant

There was glowing light in the room. That was
undoubtedly a chair; that a table; & the edge
black of the knobs could be distinguished from the harsh
At the same time, But if things could be named,
their it was still how becoming more difficult
as they became in themselves & more recognizable, to
relate them to each other. A chair & a table & a
Cupboard, seen together, make something else — And
what is it? Do I like it? do I what is not
Chair table & cupboard, but a & ~~so~~ their something
~~undependent~~, & ~~probable~~ good or bad, beautiful or ugly,
~~something which~~, though outside yes, is yet
~~part of~~ ~~to be taken by us. So that~~ made by us.
For nobody else will see the thing, the
whole thing is either hideous or lovely, what the
edge the cupboard makes against the that of the
table, in the same way. ~~Yet the light came~~

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Every moment now the light increased; & although vast Gulfs & Caverns Vaults of obscurity remained in which there might well be more cupboard, or another table, or even another wooden form, nothing beside a blade & knife & fork, they what could be seen here & there plainly. The Nearly but with determination the women who had kept between the rowers, & they so perfectly planned, steering through the wave tops, now one on her rising & sinking steady over the crest of the edge of the water. Steadfast & implacable, inexorable, awful, & powerful; inescapable: like some as if these planks & pink keen, these flamingo coloured rays, & like the Mother of Pearl, the which a pearl might have to hide her beauty, were fairy lights, reflections from some dawning hopes from some fairy island, upheld & rose from the depths. Upon these, returning from some rosy island, rays & wanton & wondrous merriment, the laughter of lovely nymphs, the arrows not theirs barred wood by warlike boy. ash we had fallen. The leaves covered them. The greater Mountains were clearer & there suddenly again, a light would come, fairer & stranger, coming from further, & more strangely & wonderfully wildly Morning the sandy waste, where the Isles of the sea boat lay, & the marked sea holly.

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Working with a cookbook that

Jasper Worthing had the Count whom Rhoda had a glimpse of the doctor's private garden, and the door had been left open. The butler, Briggs, was [illegible] a table, to [illegible] a table for afternoon tea. Mrs. Crane was [illegible] the little girl was [illegible] a [illegible] of plasticine that the little girl had; [illegible] leaning down to do something to the little girl's stock; the steam of the tea came out of the table. Jasper saw it for a second; [illegible] it there, he said, feeling queerly as if he had surprised some animal in a jungle. [illegible] And later, when he was alone in the room, the scene came before him, without a hairbreadth of difference. He gazed it carefully, curiously. It gave him a the same shock, as if he had seen something in a jungle. But he could not give any other shape to the right, [illegible] that put it in to any other form; he could not [illegible] to Bernard, [illegible] make him understand the symmetry which he held that fitness, that completeness, that meaning. Stod by deeper that sense of reality, a private action impressed. that intensity of understanding and [illegible] as of one had been [illegible] Keys, shown a secret - he could not impart it. Yet it lay in her mind; like an example; a an illustration, a thing in itself. And since it it held more than that - emotion, something one could feel over over again, as when on the light door through the crack of the door came back to him - a smell moved by it, or a sound; - one could never tell what would suddenly bring to light Briggs, the table & the child. & that odd incident But one could not impart it

[illegible] And then, Rhoda, when she was

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and suddenly

out across the to the Mackenzie building with its ruts, one rainy day, saw it. The sky reflected in a puddle; & the sight of this whatever it was they was it? She could not keep on the puddle. She had stopped on this side; her legs dwindled; there were the trees were splashes; nothing when surrounded her. The house to left he just was gone; the grey walls suffused in the mist, the grey hale weather seemed to be an infinitely, & he an infinitely nothing; so that she could not keep across it. She & again was like a flag feather; was not. &

The. like all the world was that distant; could not Exist. could not be; for there was nothing but the grey puddle; but at last placing the palm of the hand against the wall of the house she came slowly back to herself, & hearing, - not to homes, - no, I suppose she said to herself painfully going back through into the Waterloo again, & passing its various impediments and to reality. But the puddle the dissolution of identity - could not be real; could again by happy accident hand on something had terrible difficulty of crossing. - of course to Could not be described. She lay awake at night thinking

on it & Burnt & the Act

But how the grey puddle lay in the middle of the park. And there, as Miss Lambert. Mr Crane observed, the little boys & girls would moon about the playground Watteau; a nurse or Mum staring valiantly at the window. For Jacob & Louis & Rhoda were saying to themselves, Here am I entirely alone in the world. I am an a rocky island like Robinson Crusoe; How shall I make myself a right? They don't see what I see. They don't my present. And then Sarah & began. They began to say try to explain something, & the other person was not listening. He did not see

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~~or ask whatever meant.~~
I must sit float alone, Lar out. Do. Sat were the holidays,
they cut for themselves a thick of bread, & whatever they could
steal from the sideboard & went rambling, tramping, along the
lanes, across fields, into over walks, into Great
vast forests (to distant at them eye, an extra mile brought them
to unknown country) where they lay under the beech tree,
reading the world like which stood cried beneath them, or
Crouched in the long grass to see the plover fall on its nest,
& stalked the hog cubs, or watched the layers of the leaves
Trembling in infinite Gradations; up & up. above them,
& thus very far from home, alone, heard the thunder of hoofs
however following them, the hidden armies of the wind,
which did like the shouts of armies, perished in
silent still in mid career; or gazed over the
vast plain below, to still, to which, in its stillness, seemed to have
to entwined them & their fathers & all the generations of men.

But, on the other hand, when the brake full of boating little
boys had turned the corner, Bernard
~~and they were at work~~ Loneliness had these alleys,
these islands hollowed out yet. There even in the
middle of dinner at school, when Guy one was talking,
Louis & Rhoda & Jinny & Susan withdrew. The
keyed eyes The clashed fingers indicated that
the body was in some distant place, flying today through
Rome or Greece perhaps; it might be only some Kentish
fields; the mind was trying to make that particular thing —
something seen though as often does perhaps: the Biggs
& the Ha ha: the dark playing tennis: or Miss
Lambert moving her hand with the knuckle rung over —
haze of words., something complex, made of the

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meeting several boys unexpectedly, & protest.

But on the other hand when the brake full of boarding little boys had turned the corner Bernard who was no Cricketer, felt did not like it – he did not like being alone. Everything withered & left blank. There was nothing to look up & send thanks. He felt in his pockets, ~~& looked in the distance~~. There were only a few miserable coins & a lump of chalk. Life was meagre & bare. He stared blankly at the sky. Nature never suggested anything to him. Birds, clouds, flowers, ~~&~~ beech trees, oaks ~~for anything he knew~~ cared; but where were all his leaders? Gone with the Odyssey, eaten by moths, & Ulysses coming after the Came with the bag on his back. Then instantly, Bernard stopped kicking the pebbles & unlaying the stone, ~~& turned & looked~~ Had he been up since 7? And the was he sorry or glad? Perhaps, in his head, it had been in several parts of the world, – Africa, Middery Sea, & he had in his pocket, a drop of something hot about it very Comforting to have a drop of something hot about it & he had in his pocket, a drop of ~~tea~~ cold ~~tea~~; made his Jacket what he dared to be said to Lord; & they ~~began to talk of the~~ – Lord at breakfast. Then ~~Lord~~ and whatever the man said Bernard wanted to examine it further in his mind, – a phrase, something to be had out & made use of, are never known when – his mind was stocked. To be Lord with phrases, marked. Good bad, not to good; Lord; or perhaps adopted for his own. The thing that had happened to the man had happened to him. So, naturally, when Jasper was unsympathetic, when Louis was unhappy – Rhoda laughed at him – or when Archie felt that the Cup was not ~~by any way~~ – or when Archie drew Isobel, who loitered a little behind; or ~~Let them~~ had a good phrase for that kind of feeling; had what he most wanted after all had what he most wanted after all – He wanted peace

read over, Charlemagne or after

Land that or we

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Sort of thing when he should have been doing his Caesar "The sort of thing you mean if an he hurrit; this sort of thing; the sort of thing they then made very annoying, when the "Wowed me up, in a bubble from his lips; & then they left, It's wonderful what one can say to him -

And different as they were, they left, both Bernard at least Guessed, at what I felt; & that was a great Consolation:

some what to some degree

So the Brother [illegible] went on coming & driving off; & the Relations always very handsomely complimented the Carpenter. His & the Brother filled with fairies in the Characters in the Midsummer Nights Dream fairies in cloaks & both their white muslin dresses went on coming in & driving off; & there were in which they acted

Titania & [illegible] names penned on green baize boards — which words

and Thats were effaced to. Some had hatted their Examinations; were at the top; others at the bottom; vast Crowds

The brother gradually moves up the boy moves off; Collected the cutlery after the meals; & visitors to the School were shown the method of washing plates by Electricity. In short Innumerable Children, or as they now began to be called 'future Citizens'; Some Charles Harrow Ellen, Celia Dorothy, & down, as left the names recurred over & over again disappeared, in different directions, like drops of water All the last of a brood. rapidly falling & succeeding each other & falling; & to crush the Dr. gave a book, & Miss Lambert gave a book, with an inscription in their Cubic Scholastic hand. — Dare aforime, Flavia Utopia, the Hebdomeinad. The last those who were that there were the Wives & the Utter Stablesses; —

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wrapping in — cut a graphic, up Norton across the Strand,

for the Curls flounce & flute with — & the married lady — Let her stay Under the chin was fairly feared

Errand boys & Kitchen maids; — he riding a tricycle ~~with~~ new waits for a Company that delivered clean towels to Offices; & white flowers, when was cut off a lilac for a moment. the Cook. to the yard, had Housemaids Knife at her; at which she was scared — the dentist want to be Cut into bits — She was a nervous little fool — & so she ran all the way home to be married Julia; & her married sister [had an interview with the mistress]. was ~~waiting for a new place; she~~ had her eye on a fruit Lilac where the mistress drew ~~a~~ the maids hereby, & had promised flowers a silver watch if she stayed in the new place a twelve months — The ~~arrivals~~ the that particular term had been very exhausting; & Mrs Lambert would go abroad to the Dolomites to pick flowers. Dr Crane did not like foreign land; he went to the Lake there had been no severe cases of any kind; all the reports were filled up; & tea were matched at an Merchant Tailors. all the ~~boxes~~ were filled corded; locked; strapped — but never ceasingly how the straps had broken; or been lost; the Cabs carriages were reserved; — never ceasingly how the Gent clothes had grown too small, or been knocked out of shape; how the ribbons had faded & frayed; how the hats had become dinted & oiled; how the glossy Persian boots had been blotted & smirched; — Jenny was almost in tears, trying to smooth her ~~hat~~ velvet felt down out, on tips of the boots & shoes; — The legislation work he at at home, began thought; talk with Gentleman; & thinking only of ~~to~~ with ~~meaning~~ them nothing but dogs & Tyger Lilies; & Rhoda thought how she could torture to the near Celia & ~~to~~ read the label on her bag, so That She could see that Eliza of information in her dreams; & Louis, running hurriedly across the Playing fields saw the Net where they had sat that

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after noon – now the clouds were very dark; nobody was looking; yet he ~~would be there always~~ the idea was there; & there was the value of the brown lowness, ~~in~~ as in pastoral; & another tone was heard under her eyes; & they were passing another name on the roll of benediction – somebody had died. This benediction accent fell on a world which was ripening its corn in England; the corn stood thick, & bent under the wind. Barges went slowly down the midland canals; The farmers watched their channels as across the fields; Going back in the trains which raced out from all parts of England the children looked from the windows ~~to~~ ~~buried~~ in their ~~Excitement~~ felt that ~~this was the day~~ was ~~was~~ the first day of the holidays, even in the horrid little suburban neighbourhood, where the trains were stopping. Certainly it was the first day of the holidays over there – by the shore the boat lay on the grass. What was odd, Louis thought, was the sense of impermanence. They were passing across England in a train. Therefore they were not anywhere in particular. They were going. Nobody could say exactly where they were at the moment. all ~~the~~ ~~instant~~ had clothed – on this side, & on that. One had no attachment. Was this thin, reality? to be in a ~~transition~~ state; unattached. The mind they were hypothetic, not tied down by eternal love to some particular spot. One has an immense sense of relief, a certain terror, to be removed from ties. One feels the spark of joy. Were we happy; & the flutter – the transitory. The fields of Leicestershire went hurrying by the window. They were talking & laughing, hearing stories who ~~spoke~~ heard with the ~~with~~ Belvoir ~~at the Ryelands~~. Crawley Wood the window Grey

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2.6
7.3
11.3

One is leaving it, he thought. And as the train went through
Leicestershire, it dragged far away, as if it had a thread
it pulled attached to it, & this thread was attached to several
other things in schoolroom, bedroom, playingfield which
as they came together: they united; they that was the summer
term; He looked back at Now that he was passing away
from it, through Leicestershire, he could could see this
summer term lying, all there made up, finished, completed;
Dreadful that — & aching heart. this scene — how horrible —
all scenery at the edge — that too beautiful beautifully
Still scenery but unclear Scene, now that one drew to the elms at the edge of the playground;
that certainly triumphant; & that, if one saw as he could
at this moment, did Stares looking for a book with his
Mrs Clarke stood up, with a faint dead weight
one would have to go home again; & so he watched the
red & black cows in the fields, & the rolling valleys
he felt the three months assembling themselves as
in his mind; bright coloured, for even with separate hues;
as green or purple or some red mendacious hue;
which he conferred using for no reason — or very capriciously:
at the day might have been June — but, since Percival had been
as grumpy, it was reddish coloured in his memory. And he
He felt all these things stored in his mind; The hat made; was
finely made; & as the train went on; made &
stood up; & so: yet not though there was something tantalizing
& beautiful in the last that had gone it left there, behind,
while the train went on; yet as the train went on
it went on too; one & something was coming impending;
this moment's impression was not lasting; & was drama &
one was reaching something new, sudden, unrelated terrible,
alarming; one had to go through that terrible dangerous process of separate things happening beyond control,
reaching separate ends, without any coherency; & went, till they

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gave out this
Part it was. for them all: over; laid behind; & no longer bothered
about but summed up & concluded; when the train started; left
& left behind, by some fleeting canter; nothing much had
happened - It had been rather a stodgy term, Rachel thought.. dull; without any excitement.
Susan was only too glad it was over, & the train
Could have cut it off completely out of the life. She would have
been glad; even to what she did not wish to think about — as
to what the boys had boys finally when each field; because
they were not schoolfuls. She kept thinking that the railway
had never been to school; the cows had never been to school; cows,
were dowy
real
things not
The Kept thinking that the men in the fields were not
coming up to the school with vegetables. Always. Here was
the ordinary nice world, the without any
all the nice unregulated, happy: Real
Every thought how they happened nice ordinary world where one
could just be ordinary. & The Thought was with grateful
relief against the cliff. She could see the
father - He would not see her. Then he would see her; & he would
that would be her best moment, for when we had to talk it was
of Every difficult different - he would have things to get in the town.
Rhoda Only there were hours & hours to be got through before
the tea of school could be the odious tea table like Carlotti
soap & linoleum - was just a red of.

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Rhoda, sitting at a queer angle, as if she were a toy with strings attached to her back & legs hovered round the edge of the grey puddle; in the water. But that was the It was odd that at her moments lay scattered – her life. The thought as she baby reached her Hyde Lane Sandbanks – was a long Sketch. Like that finishing Very good; & the Sketch of the hangar, & then there was a moment; of blue; & then there were a moment, & then there was a moment; cups in a puddle. But She knew what was odd was that It was odd. She It was very exciting. If one could go back to them & make them put them together, no doubt there would perhaps then she would hold it – & her thin fingers made themselves into a cup on her knee – her dim lane very like that she would make a tremendous weight, a Great hold their [illegible] wand – the world seemed to be a swelling bulging The meant what? the word? to mean any? But There were moments when the words broke in her head seemed to beat a rather in a minute & her brain to expand so that she was able to understand everything: & But this was not one of those moments. Indeed she could not get at the hidden fully, as authentically, that is in a flash; all over her senses; but only heard it vertically, in her legs. part of a demonstration that was made. which she would have to do something held in store. And then, as the train shifted on through the night on through woods & over high bare places, Jinny plaited her fingers cautiously. Incredibly & absurd legs she to hover & Rumble over the Thighs – Sussex, a night to flatness. So peaceful – I Keeping her mind purposely, because she not might get over the Weight of whitby: wonderful, blind, extinguishing Sea drowned place, where she moved in walking; it There must be a house in whitby which actually resembles There was a street – but the word hurley went on

be a
cup in
the great
O ordeal;

box grey in the
room?
Jinny
flying
like a bird

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Effort, resolved not to spoil the target by shooting yet now: ask the wounded
was to look at the map afforate & ~~imagine~~ try to see but that
does & to imagine that ~~one another time~~ the line, instead of
breaking off, went on, over to the coast.
felt suddenly from the rock. Cherries
where. The ~~fair~~ ~~scrambled for cherries.~~ the old woman
offerate committed the horrible atrocity of chewing her
bag & beginning to eat. A ~~hooted~~ ~~old woman~~ ~~an~~ ~~abuse~~
was ~~klagg~~ cross, & the old man & an old woman began to argue.
They became very cross. The hat was knocked off her head. It
might have killed her. ~~She~~ She said. And that was
another. And so they began hostilities; & certainly old
grumpy old woman; & a man who might have been —
Clergyman between not — The

when when the
train
arrived at

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~~She did not know whether she liked the~~
They were both extremely interesting.

Jenny on her way to Percy had been placed in the corner of a ~~the~~ carriage in charge of some decayed travelling lady. ~~But~~ And passing through a tunnel, the head of the attendant in the window of the very nice gentleman's head, looking at her ~~in the~~ corner; – & at once, ~~as~~ the lady had seemed to vent forth a fluid; ~~to be~~ ~~to be expressive~~; ~~to~~ an instrument; they knew ~~that the way~~ ~~a~~ warmth & light seemed to clothe her. She felt ~~a~~ ~~instinctively~~ everything ~~stretched~~ up & lighten in her; ~~as it~~ in the warmth & the approval of the gentle face in the window. Something ~~She felt the heat of some attention power~~; that took made her move, very slightly in her seat; & face in the glass noticed the movement & ~~approved~~ of it; ~~She seemed to~~ & then she ~~moved her~~ smiled, & the face in ~~the~~ glass with the black tunnel behind ~~it seemed to~~ be ~~coloured~~ ~~flushed back the~~ smiled. A wonderful sympathy ~~attachment seemed~~ to unite them, very secret, very profound; & her body became they were united by a wonderful sympathy, a kind of joy; ~~it~~ ~~coloured~~, ~~uncatalogued~~, something springing from the very hot of her being, intensely, so that her ~~so~~ hand & feet seemed to feel it apart from herself. And ~~then~~ ~~yet~~ the ~~tunnel had~~ And then the tunnel ended; ~~then~~ there was only a man reading a newspaper in front of her. he had hastily hitched that screen; & glancing at the lady who was opening a handbag to extract a smelling bottle, Jenny felt ~~&~~ the whole apparatus of her body collapse like ~~a~~ ~~that~~ parasol & ~~nothing could work~~. ~~But~~ But if this were possible, ~~But~~ then yet were true that one was like this, ~~but~~ with them, when one was grown up, cut, – the ~~hooked~~ ~~hooded~~ over the ~~fusty~~ weeds; & the glasshouse, the bedroom windows of ~~my~~ ~~white~~ house ~~Dorcas~~; ~~in the depth~~ There was a lovely shawl

& responding to another

The had some curious attachment to that fall:

& the warmth & pervaded a ~~pervaded~~

with mock a began to ~~undress~~ the woman; felt a repugnance to her.

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Steven Thackery

grass on the lawn. The had left Rockville Park Terrace.
But the had no heart: Steven the last day of the summer
holidays was beginning; & already on the train went
through the Surrey hop fields, the next day was all alone out,
as if the were just coming into town, & saw before her a long
grey Corridor, leading to — though a succession of such
windy days to some unimaginable — something awfully.
The afternoon & evening in Jasher were unpleasant. To look at
her was unbearable; — then that extraordinary trauma for
Jonathan. I have read a book in a smoking carriage with
flying to read a book in a smoking carriage with
City gentlemen. He was he had an extraordinary
Craving to — what? something — that was people would adver-
what something — not this. It was terribly distasteful to
him — this commotion. But then what? Heaven knows.
Now they all appeared impossible. no escape. No Love. No
Complete abandonment.. Nothing. Yet he could have
Conjured the whole Carriage before — & then us; he was incapable of
any effort. The horror of the weight over him — & he
watched high Lady Thatcheyer the well known symptoms
as the afternoon in London — the Jasmine, the
artificial face heater, the back towards the broken hans
as glass in back rooms, & then One unburdened one's
family, & all the beauty & reality & sense of life was
Gone. & Day and by h.
almost. He had not seen Richard to day for by h.
Cecilia was off to the Highlands, with an elder brother.
to Jack — Not a word would come from him.
Return to the summer holidays; forgotten them very mercifully
in a series of intervening, with when things had been dead;
or he had been abroad; or ill; or had all gone off
Jasper; & then something had happened; & then he
had imagined; & then not; & then there had been the
wonderful day, beginning, when ....
not before that he could remember the day that
were long. Was almost at the struggle with hyp-
with horror, with luggage, with cabs ——

that was done with entirely;

& this hour of

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and yet as the train drew into the station it gradually seemed to
strengthen — to rise — then very softly gave a little bump so that one
felt as if some sort of conclusion: a result had been reached
reached for the day. The first day of the summer holidays.
Everybody came flowing towards him from every part of the station;
with trolley & luggage & there was Bernard, waiting
with stillness unperturbed; as if he were still moving in the
train, & yet could see his body suspended in a trolley & porters hard
about to begin: and so he stepped into the bustling hall.

Bernard Bernard's mother was not going home. She had
hired a first class carriage for the
was going to stay with the Lanfears in Devonshire: &
& thus he was going to cross London, but he was going to
make a clean cranky journey; would have to remember to
change: & this is all the fuss was about which platform the
train came in — his mother had written full directions on a
Card which he had made into a boomerang as was
buzzing about the Carriage; at Lanfears' altogether; &
there was Jane & Jack & Will & Rhoda — all the
others Susan Centaurus had planned to fetch the
same carriage; & so to have a final jollification
Seaton Delaval, Magdalen Green — for by adding
for they had a limited principle about between them, & a
Certain lots of names in common. So that the old
Just as the train couldn't start they were saying —
Susan / Thats for all the world what they were saying —
so: for she was a rather a cheery old hen, with black
beady eyebrows, & a red lip sticking out rather far, & a
small cat very little brown eyes. He watched
Bernard Rhoda The boat One could begin,
very soon making up stories: The fields went past,
Lanfear said Fred said that he had
to be told they began boasting about the 12 of August.

ebb heavily
its overpowering
its remembered
unknown

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Ted would be thatching: Richie provided: they would be staying by the sea; they would be boating; they would be staying on the wildest part of the coast; very near the highest mountain in Wales; ~~on a~~ ~~in the very wildest part of Scotland~~. He says we seen three cat years. not an eagle a kite. Kites are practically extinct. Kites aren't extinct. They startled Sarah at the window; she combed; the shiny waves went back; hues of blue, squares of gold; ~~then~~ green thick pea heaps; Clumps of weeds & Archie and her arm; & precluded to Mort; & ~~then~~ houses; Church: little village; lovely houses with Lakes—

And Bernard sang between this head thyme.

That was a good phrase; he had had two days on his mind, the sea, like a circle, hung up on a very high hook, & down below a gleaming lake. And then he got drawn in to the argument about Kites, about is an umpire; this he had an odd peculiar way, then, very badly, actually making things he hardly had done anything, last so that he was always more fair-minded, only ~~another~~ & also was ~~a kind of~~ obviously the one to answer when the old man in the corner began jawing about the first day of the summer holidays; & where were they going — then Bernard & Louie took him a ~~before they could stop him~~ in actually began to discuss holidays with him, & ~~for the~~ for him to know they ~~in what~~ & he mustn't when he got back; & hoped they would meet again, without him getting cast shy; then the fan am making rings with my tongue; it was an Extraordinary easy happy relation. It came naturally, he did not ~~be~~ ask why one did. He stuck up for Sarah; & not ~~able~~ to say what one liked just because an old ~~gentleman was~~ ~~not~~ he was a stranger. He was very unlucky. He had seen Mr Gladstone

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And what did he look like, Bernard asked. 'The devil!' said the old man. A good shave, Bernard thought; he must I will say that; I will get them to bring in his shaving tomorrow. How But where was his ticket? He had had it when he started. When was I say he saw. When did you do with my mother Car like? Nobody had seen it. Perhaps Miss the Governess. Where was the Governess? Where had he got to change. The train was going. He had to change somewhere about now - And to want him ashore for a train going to Exeter." It was the words up in large letters on the carriages - You would not be able to miss it" he. mother had said. But he had missed it - the train was going - he had no ticket - he had no notion where it was going. He did not was certainly wrong - But good bye good bye he waved cheerily going all over, to the others who stood, dressed with all the luggage collected, on the platform, while now they watched him disappear.

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He ought to have got out; he ought not to have gone on; what would happen to him? Do they ~~so~~ they felt ~~perfectly~~ really that something awful had happened. Yet it was really very amusing. They mounted. He mounted back. — ~~If was they~~ to be ~~so~~ indifferent, unconcerned. Strong use, & makes up ones facts — & so off on the wrong train without a ticket when other people were expecting one. There he was, as the train swung round, leaning on his Elbows at the window & felt, looking at the ~~vanished~~ land ~~&~~ Tommee left, ~~so~~ that he was ~~naturally the most~~ splendid of fellows, but also ~~that~~ he did not know how to put it — what his fault was — a rather unpleasant & queer fault, what Bernard not Carry & Pat for any of them.

From the ~~north~~ north, the south, the west, the east, trains with specially reserved Compartments, kept steaming through England on the first day of the summer holidays. ~~Thanks to~~ Upon which they had left all the signal boxes & the homes with back gardens, & ~~was~~ with their air of ~~confidence~~ ~~being in~~ ~~its being an~~ Event, & their air of being left behind, most unfortunately for them, & were out on the ~~in~~ the Country, ~~and~~ passing through the very heart of Scotland fields; & then ~~through~~ again being driven away in Scotland very expeditiously. ~~Nothing~~ Neither hardly ~~for~~ ~~to~~ did the whole people dozed & read papers, the train would come into world Crewe, passing through ~~where~~ where nobody lived ~~there~~, but only a few ~~used~~ they; high up on the hills; — how strange the comfort & the Carriage was with the table between the windows with a Catch to hold a tumbler — a ~~de~~ dark tray was Compared with that ~~heath~~ ~~root~~ the tumbling stream — & waved so ~~to~~ so slowly labouring up, ~~with~~ in the ~~into~~ tortuous into open moors where there would be ~~Scene~~ again, directly the train had passed; & already ~~Lochy~~ back one could see the whole — the Cloud Mountains

~~a~~ the train went by

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passing over the waves that were left alone. And then, after certain hours
the descent began, down. down that break into the splendid
sunny gorges & ravines, that [illegible] they where seen stand on the edge of
~~[illegible]~~ ~~yellow~~ red cliffs, & by degrees
the volume of the green & blue in the darkness is
thicker & thicker like it seems ~~as of the~~ like a smoke, like
a steam of richness, ~~easy~~ & there is more & there one sheet of
pure emerald; ~~so rich~~ & the ~~[illegible]~~ Earth were so
rich that a light under it made it glow. And then
how flat it seems as one could see the thin edge thinning
melting into the sea: & there were people seen;
there were church towers; & then there was platforms
work the every golden glow where boats; & teacups were
set on the table —

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into the sea. (And there was no longer the first day of the summer holidays. ~~The~~ There was no longer

The sea ~~went on~~ kept up its level stamp: Keeping ~~throwing~~ its waves. Had there been an Eye in the hooded form, bent over the table, in the room, ~~with the~~ where there was now a light, not showing Everything, but showing by degrees more things & ~~the~~ the ~~strange~~ Combinations of things, it would have seen the ~~yellow~~ hollow behind ~~flowers~~ a vase had flowers; The green plant ~~was~~ leaves ~~weakly~~ were now Colour Stains; ~~shades~~ In the ~~hollows~~ the shadow there were ~~great~~ lines; ~~less~~ Angles or Wood; ~~hollows~~ in the lustre & shadow Curiosity of Shapes; & in front, on the table, several ~~vast particulars~~ clear ~~vast objects~~ - a Knife, a Plate, displayed Starkly; & while outside the window the birds that had sung in the West in the white ~~were~~ here & there, on one Tree & then another, ~~irregularly, & had then~~ & Soon in the one bird Chat sang close beside the window; ~~&~~ all were now singing far off, high up inwardly in Chorus; ~~But~~ & the wind ~~was~~ Still & high; like ~~Mountain~~ Streams; & ~~their~~ their ~~voices~~ were lovely, as they sang to the pale blue Sky; ~~to the~~ & Jet fearful & anxious for all their intensity, ~~a few, their~~ Perhaps the Cat moved in the bushes: & the Cook throwing the ashes on the ash heaps ~~made~~ released ferrified them. Fear was in their Power, & Joy; & they sang each other down in the clear morning air, the Starlings leaping higher, Emulously; & Then they soared, together, & chased each other - as ~~one could see that the other was~~ ~~Rejoicing~~, Creation pursuing, taking Flight, & then ~~Johnny~~ perfect was over, lovely descender, ~~deliberately~~ unbending, Coming down her & then & then, & Then, rather up on the Bushes, & ~~to~~ into their bright Eyes glancing; & their head turning and the way

deadness, or Colour:

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now that were, a-rush, eager, aware, awake; & ready to rise again
& spread wide into the air.

Perhaps down a small thick, ~~arched, or ringed,~~ rose
among the grass; ~~like a~~ in grey feathered, a swelling bulbous, girdled
with its dark ring; ~~& perhaps~~ they looked at ~~the green blades~~,
among ~~the grass~~, green-shadowed among the grass, where
tall ~~the~~ blades were a bowed their life & shook. The
blades of green; among which. tall, green soaked or very slender, were
perhaps ~~they~~ were the flowers they saw, ~~the~~ all
splendour & glory of white, & violet, with their black
fork of pistil & their petals flowing making an open
lyre over the bed; & here rising in tall columns, & the lips
very purple, & the worms mouth a dark tunnel. or they saw
the taller bright leaves curling. & dancing; ~~or~~ watched,
still, spreading, among the wet flowers ~~the~~ blossom in which
their beaks beat wound sank; or down the the drop against
the wall, the pendent, the legged The bright pleasure
flung, & yet not falling → with a whole wonder in its
flowers curved; & The sun jewelled
one gold; gold that made their eyes gold; &
tinged the ~~rusted~~ beaks, made the canary red, & the
the blue purple; or perhaps they looked, deeper, away
from the between the stems the flowers, into their
depth dark avenues ~~of darkness, in the dying lobe~~ dark avenues
where there was only complete; where the leaf rots &
the flower has fallen. ~~there was the worm,~~
& ~~there was the pale earthworm~~ ~~on the~~ or
one of them, a golden eyed on the other, beautifully
descending, ~~gripped the~~ gripped the pink worm, the defenceless
worm, the soft-muscled ~~white~~ &
pink thick again & again, & again, beautifully

a wash edge or

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heavily impregnating the dusk; & making the pink brown;

~~For above & beside & the~~ lonely sky over, the bare stars,
here was pain with joy, & cruelty with rapture; here
there was

~~Each~~ Down there, among the roots, ~~there was~~ where the flowers
with ~~all things were touched~~ ~~there was~~ the black thing
with ~~that~~ things the scent of strange smells was mingled; what had
~~Jabber was the~~ killed; the ~~faint~~ ~~mixed with decay~~ ~~of~~ ~~decay~~; & rose oozed from the ~~rotten~~ rotting wooden
~~rotten~~ decayed fruit, & beasts ~~died~~ on them, there was
~~rotten~~ ~~of~~ carcase ~~&~~ marked the on ~~them~~'s head at either end-
now & again an amorphous body with a head at either end-
writhed in the damp. The golden eyed bird
Slowly turns ~~the~~ ~~pinched~~ ~~there~~ ~~bird~~; observed all ~~that~~ darkness in
between the stalks, under the leaves & the rain also
sometimes fell there, & dried some wetness.

So do they lay, as the day broadened, as the
woman who had lain under the horizon, who had been
Cyril, a nymph, ~~Hathor~~, stirred, now stretched
herself to open her eyes. Very slowly with a flashing
mirror, ~~&~~ down her face, laid under her blanket - the
~~silver~~ & ~~the~~ eye top of the cyclamarm - all
the pure jewels, that she had bound her head
with lying thin & that coronet, - emeralds -
of ~~coals~~ - & shaking her head, & flaxy -
lashes of that the sky was rayed with -
flashy light as ~~guineas~~ opal, -
light fell on the shore, on the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ old
boat, on the marled sea holly, on the foam

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Their faintache, & the Their ~~Their~~ worst wave. She had been
radiant, & evanescent, stupidly fancy from the whole of death —
unaware to ~~the~~ something Cartoon, streaked. Heaven
very lustrous, lovely as the heavens. ~~a~~ head
And now as ~~the day~~ She had laid that down. The rose
~~now almost~~ ~~such~~ rose brows; with deep eyes; The
began to make a straight pathway over the sea. The
began to level their ~~level~~ journey. Under the gaze,
their journey, their shadow, were stilled, & they might be
deep it seemed. There might be depths unexplored even by the
Sea.
Shoals traversed by the whale, & ~~the~~ dumb swift squadrons of dumb
fish. visited by the silent fish.

Meanwhile ~~the~~ in the ~~room~~ room ~~the~~ where
~~that, the~~ This Then was ~~the garden;~~ ~~Heat~~
Then was what the figure bending at the table
of ~~Hers~~ Had been ~~Cartoon~~ could have heard ~~so dear~~
would have heard — The sea working over the pebble
tongs, them the way & shadows; the regular stamp of the sea;
& Then, at last eyes had opened & it had watched the
light striking in — The room, it would turn there, on that
pane pleasing ~~the Curtain~~ ~~Face~~ ~~Hope~~ in that ~~Hope~~ Hut on the window sill, a
~~Hope of the Curtain~~ garden, ~~hangings~~ white bed, dormouse; legs stretched stark;
Cap & gown; & then in that Hope of the curtain a
lamp & hands, a case of glass; a jay, where the children
Mimmed the ~~bed~~ flowers with ~~ruthless~~ nets; &
where children heard among the ~~another~~ ~~another~~ by a voice booming, love;
felt another; sat there under the table, the
Evanescent pale Thing; our lover & hater & the convex on
the covering cover of hope by the white hole of death —
he had cut his throat & was
+ & head caught the menace & the growl of some
rough clever hunting little ~~a~~ on the Confines ~~of~~ this

the mooning & cat gown

Rough & hairy

with dog & tongue & red eyes

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world whom to ~~savage~~; where they had seen, under the aspalt fire,
how all stamps are flowed over by the beale tide that
how the overflows, & covers Everything; death to beale tide, where as
the moonlight, ~~must come, & then~~ (the man ~~to~~ ~~dying~~ in the
to ~~before but~~ fields to west his throat cut) so that the
dead in the fire, the wood, & everything art there had become paper thin; had
the gutter with his throat cut, dwindled into the white ~~like~~ dust in the moonlight
~~like~~ white & thicker y dust; & they had seen how
when the leaf moved in the wind; had
ora thanked the lurke with heat, day after day: how
mounted like riders on a horse we are drawn
on, in what our Knowing; ~~life~~ pleasure, life
Carries us forward life steps slowly implacably carries
us into the thick of torture & darkness, irrevocably
~~in~~ publicity & we put on hands to our faces
we feel its ~~steady~~ tramp its remorseless stepping;
pleading on & on; & ~~they had~~ there is no escape;
& they had ~~seen too~~ felt too how lightly the
~~world may~~ it; how for many hours the
How the soul may leave the body, the "I",
there under the ~~may~~ may vanish from "me" & "I"
& seeming to recede deep down into the wood beneath
to leave the moment unfelt, the brain tenanted
while the can hold converse, dumbly fore
with all the legions of trees part, deep
lides beneath, embowers that have died
& some deep soul that lives the
vast undifferentiated breathing life whose
breath comes at night when, with a
free stir, a sigh passes over the wood.

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And then the light had had begun to bring out a ~~black~~ circle against a line, a plate beside a Knife; ~~a bar~~ here the mass of a Cupboard, & against that a single green Stroke. ~~And~~ this
There began to be Combinations ~~of shape forms~~, which & of
Purple ~~at~~ characters were yet (in this pale light) ~~one of the~~
for birth; ~~Confused~~; ~~had one meaning~~ ~~naguedum~~ ~~confused~~ There began to
be reflection too, so that the real flower was attended
there on the wall by a phantom, a flower ~~what~~ what was,
~~a flower~~ growing in a looking glass. ~~And~~ And
there beside it, were the appearance, ~~of~~ reflection too;
a ~~whole world~~ ~~so that not only were~~ a world of illusion,
a ~~world where the~~ ~~the~~ reflected ~~of~~ flowers growing
beside reflected Knives; neither flower nor Knife was a real
Knife or flower. ~~By~~ Gradually the reflection was part the
flower — when the breeze lifted the ~~curtain the table of the~~
petals, when the dreaming of the waves round the
sleeping women, the turbaned women. The naked
men would steal astegan. ~~Then the flower flowered~~
~~flat~~ trembled; & the & the flowers flowered & their
petals burst asunder, then too in the looking glass the
flowers flowered & their petals burst asunder.

Things which are touched by strange resemblance.

NYPL

1919
Nov 29th

Chapter Two.

I am one of those people, whose lives will never be altogether satisfactory because there is a certain inevitable disharity between his public self & his private self - between the outer & inner. I should not be surprised - Bernard said this to himself; on returning from a party; he was at college; & he had come back very late, to his own rooms; & the his thoughts, though not spoken & thus aloud, yet preserved, even in his mind, some thing of the roundness & explicatness, which the words ~~are bound to~~ have. Even when he was alone, his lips moved; he could not make anything clear & satisfactory unless he to himself unless he expressed them words. What are they saying about me now? he wondered. They are bound to be discussing me. What they don't understand is that I am quite aware of doing a great deal of it on purpose. I mean when I say things I say them very largely because of the pressure of circumstance. I am more aware than you do abnormally aware of circumstance. I am aware perhaps to a dangerous extent of what your feelings is feeling about the humble attitude he was obviously taking that his chances with of making a good impression on Billy Jackson were poor. This I fed to the tips of my fingers. No, I am not deceiving myself about that. I know that Therefore I say - whatever it was - that had to happen & I gave it him. I am careless of situations & I gave it I am always careless of situations. Now the fortunate people are those who who make a

had it to some extent in actual words.

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single impression & that in the main a good one, we are those who
Can maintain Keep their Equilibrium (he saw a fish in mid Stream
steady, with currents rushing past) even in mid stream.
Canon, Peters, Lylett, Hawkins &c. - Fish in mid stream. But you
understand that I am perfectly capable of that myself.
You understand that I am only superficially represented; they -
when I am alone, underneath, - & what's odd even at the same
moment - I am Capable of perfectly awful degree of
entirely integrated. Disintegrated = being James Joyce.
Integrated = being alone. being myself. For very few of us
have the double capacity as strongly marked as I have.
as I have. Therefore the present an intensely of
problems. for me. Therefore I am Expecially not privately interested.
This complete to you.
Lyelett believes that there is virtue in catching a hare.
Hawkins had spent a most unfruitful afternoon in the
Library. (met him coming out) Peters has his young
Lady at the Movies. to some ghastly true even of
You are all engaged. I doubt that I shall ever be
Engaged.. I shall always be aware ...
He poured himself out a little whisky & water.
I doubt that I shall ever be engaged, he said, meaning by that
involved completely; in the something will always
remain detach floating - a
He poured himself out a little whisky & water; & then
writing rudeways at the table he began scribbling on a wrote
a large sheet of paper. the date. & the month.
But it must have an impromptu look, he said
& he altered the date & the month, as if he had been
It must seem to be dashed off in a hurry;
mistaken. just seen his mistake, & hastily
Corrected it. I have just come in, & I have
& I am writing the first thought that comes into my head.

NYPL

I am darking off a light, rabid dashing account of myself
~~my manner, my fashion~~; I am going to give her a brilliant
~~water-colour~~ sketch ~~of myself~~; ~~She will see me~~
~~She must not take me too seriously~~; ~~She must see~~ me
as they're to be watched on - She must see me, not as I am now,
as I wore ~~wearing coat~~ had just come in & put my
Opera hat there & my cane there; & had then
snatched a piece of paper, & written an account of my depe-
~~But she will~~ humorously; with a little bullying perhaps.
I want to make on her the impression of somebody completely
~~au fait~~ ~~aware~~ of everything. Nothing takes him by surprise. He is at his ease
random & casual & awfully easy to get on with. But
~~he is not fool.~~ ~~She has had~~ he has had some experience
- that's it - which has given him a ~~curious knocking~~, not
~~Quite standpoint~~. He is another girl; he is not
engaged, any more than I am. He is a fellow of tremendous
energy & abandonment. He never stops when he
~~would~~ to think of the word - he ~~pushes~~ on - he wrote
never hurt a stop, but a dash - he is a violent character -
but ~~at the same time~~ ~~must~~ he writes a very much running
~~vagrant~~ bold hand; but he writes so forcibly that
some of the letters are not fully formed - they must
be ascribed to the idea of speed & abandonment.
~~Yet~~ She must get the impression that his life is
immensely ~~rapid~~ full. He ~~is full~~ he knows everybody &
he does all sorts of violent things; but that is a matter of
course.

Now who am I thinking of? he said when he
had allowed the dust & ~~trouble~~, ~~in a letter~~
drawled very forcibly ~~& drawly~~ My dear ~~Dilly~~;
Reggy. By-the-bye, ~~what~~ perhaps
~~The is to do me like that.~~
You won't believe me - but I ~~he writes~~ has been unspeakable for
me to answer your last letter - ~~to~~ me to write before now:
& I write now - ~~by because~~ I ~~He~~ not had an
~~date~~ instant. Your letter, Even now I write

a ~~sort of~~ hurry & Yelth

~~used at~~ Jack talk -

a ~~How~~ to his wrote an account of how busy he was

NYPL

in a hurry — here he carefully made the stroke of the
'y' blunt; I want in a hurry, he repeated. Between
between one & two in the morning, I should like to see
you a few minutes before I go to bed. But how can I give you
any idea — how can I — I've been talking I am feeling very
Chaucer at the same time very excited. Do you
know these moments of fate — But that is
not just the line; he said: that is too like smoking
up in a window seat together. I want to impress her with
my tremendous serious actuality. He
would never stop to analyse himself. He would —
I wish there are Byron's letters in the middle, he said; &
so he began to read Byron's letter. There is a rustling
of paper beautifully about him, he pondered. &
he completely blackened out the sentence he had written.
What I want her to see, he said, is a man who cannot
stop to think. I want her to see me —
Suddenly he became very bored
~~He was to~~ ~~the evening he~~ ~~should be~~ wrote the letter decidedly
~~that he would do~~ ~~would be~~ ~~to~~ after breakfast; then moved to
~~had had to~~ after breakfast; then moved to
dress early; he would describe ~~the~~ Mrs Mollat (the
had a phrase about her) ~~or~~ he would describe the
service in the Chapel; (he had some good phrases about
that) he would then go on quite early — strewn
this quality that he most admired) to rage over
Byron, to the books he had been reading. The great
point to aim at was an appearance of lightness; but
all the same, there was to be a great deal in it:
there were to be lots of natural phrases.

NYPL

the lightness would only be on the top. Those with the things she will remember unexpectedly – as she's brushing her hair: as she's putting out the candle.

Now he turned round towards the grate, in which were only some grey ashes & black coals. Effie would [illegible] seen her twice, & that in London; but the strangest possible thing was that they would ask him to come to Heatherer Restore, Knipley Boarton Keats, for Christmas during the holidays. A small but perfectly [illegible] country house. An old man elderly man, rather battered but with a fishing rod. Two or three nice days. Effie having a flower in her button hole. No just mother. She died when Effie was the brother was born. The truth is that I can sketch these scenes up to point with extraordinary ease. See the dinner table – I see myself sitting at the Colonel's & accepting his offer. Nothing [illegible] about. And the [illegible] & the butler – I have a family likeness to the kind of drawing room – But [illegible] can I really make it work. The turns from the window & [illegible] in, thinking – No: She is doing something quite definite with her hands & the butler up with a [illegible] – She says Hullo! I can just hear her voice. The says butler & then the sets up at that different point – But the head waiter would [illegible] from that point – He he would begin just before [illegible] just before we came into the room. He would have kept [illegible] namely inside her. That's where I feel. I can see the Everything is clear up to that point – but why does she say Hullo? but that's not clear – that's where I feel. She

He lit a cigarette, & sent [illegible] back [illegible] the smoke rings in a detached way into the air. Everything had become very dim. He could not advance [illegible] further down that avenue: something barred the way. And yet if she were here I should know. He yawned.

Knipley Boarton Keats – Heatherer Restore Langley three miles

the fiction of the blaze in the dining room.

Cigar.

Hullo! Hullo!

NYPL

~~probably was there~~. There was nothing to stimulate him: He was
He sitting very dark Shepherdess in bed - He two or three,
dinners ~~that~~ Phase had made a good day. He been -
successful adventure - some thing I never ~~expected~~, really,
Came off; I Came off very well in Jackson's room.
But The whole process is one of perpetual deception. "Do I take
you in? - do ~~you trouble~~ Can I really make you believe that
I'm ~~be~~ like that? I'm not like that - to myself.
what am I then to myself? ~~Oh~~ Something ~~so terrible~~ so
natural - He became more + more aware of the grey
ashes + of his black beard. ~~All the trouble~~ The
of the red + whole ~~then~~ ~~the weather~~ world ~~of the sun~~ him. I'm ~~not really~~
~~Cry of the people~~ - ~~Cry to~~ this - what ~~is~~ natural to be.
~~Go somewhere~~ ask you others; I don't know that I must
confess you. You're not essential to me. Only that is
essential to me - The rest are frauds, pretenders.
Then is what I am - He began thinking the ashes into the
pothers. But ~~of~~ under began to fall through the bottom
of the grate. He had a sense of company with them -
And then they come + sweep dash up. he said Mrs
Grattat comes with a dust pan + broom. Nature a
great refuge, for life is bound to be damnably painful,
There others will get me into trouble. ~~but~~ Thank off.
fully and love. And There very pleasant doubts to light the pipe
~~whether he might~~ to be about the composition of the whole -
probably there is some essential flaw - oh probably of
probably

What then was that, on the table, lying beside the knife + fork?
The ~~day was bright coming~~ It was the ~~pale~~ yellow Crust of a
French roll. For day was very, light was coming to the room.
Fewer nobler fingers w

now, at his room

with a sense of complete privacy

NYPL

a hard blue horned ~~top~~ horn against a flesh coloured. It was a light early ~~starkly becoming~~ early starkly becoming. Because the extreme clarity of light brought out everything; & then suddenly failed. Centres of darkness loomed behind. But In such a confusion of brilliance & dark, it was particularly difficult to be sure where the flesh coloured ended; where he was the white of the cloth & where the ivory of the Knife. The diversion was extreme. The lightness here ~~made the darkness~~ denser. Even the flower petals had some metallic clarity; a vein, on the back gene was a clear crimson: and the leaf an emerald flash. The trees were were now seared green, white still things. And the extreme the window was cut sharp. Behind the Charred Elephant went on stamping; ~~slowly~~ a head & trunk undulating ~~it~~ methodically; the waves fell booming, like The sullen discharge of ~~guns fired~~ muffled guns. Every like the sigh of some very nearly exhausted creature, who can't ~~the verge of~~ breathe no more, yet sighs again; breathes this time; & then falls into a sterterous sleep. Anyone, breathing, under the sentence wishes that so intelligent yet forcible a life should cease. And the woman, by no means ~~not~~ more deliberately looked; beat her head on the sea: ~~On leaving the cave felt as the~~ Leaving the ~~the~~ ~~waters; as the~~ Lava River became green, under the sky; the Lava that looked down to the water rotten bird feathers.

which whiteness was the whiteness of the cloth we. You have handled this

Stood then the breaks became great pearl & sweet as the Heaven seem to be Sailing Ready high magic land.

NYPL

A soft ~~fur~~ plumage seemed: like that on the breast of some bird
~~Almost touching the floor~~, the thin curved branches of the
fern-trees like a cornice almost touched the floor:
fancy an inch or two above it; each thin spray ~~looked~~ ~~like~~
~~like~~ ended with a little frond, so clean cut.

~~His~~ ~~There is none~~ It lacks ~~in him~~ some remarkably
simple quality; ~~something~~ like power, a judgment or the
~~as there should~~ ~~That~~ man ~~in~~ letters ~~knew about~~ ~~He had~~
~~lived in the~~ ~~He is terribly~~ ~~sometimes~~ ~~twenty~~ Century —
what to call it. ~~He~~ — Jasper was talking ~~to~~ himself about
Bernard — It lacks whatever ~~He~~ ~~They~~ is ~~that~~ ~~it~~ that
leads to effective action. His ~~unfortunate~~ Charm — ~~is~~ magic
paralyses his work power. ~~He~~ ~~unfortunately~~ ~~had that.~~
Therefore he will always remain in a state of complete
delusion about his own feelings: a most unsatisfactory
person to have intimate relations with. Perhaps he will
never be intimate with anybody. He is an intimate with
Mrs Moffat — a whatever her name is — as with me. Eyes
with Jacintha, with Jane, with Jellaffe — or whatever
it pleases them to call themselves. That is the fundamental
reason against letting myself slide into a relationship
~~about~~ —
~~No amount of intelligence~~ ~~And~~ ~~His~~
~~intelligence is very great, but~~ No amount of intelligence —
is enough. His lack of discrimination can't be
~~Edward~~. ~~And in those words~~ His ~~words~~ ~~were~~ eyes were cruder

Those words, which were more fragmentary yet
~~more~~ ~~powerful~~ of greater intensity than those that
Bernard had spoken, over his fire, the night before,
brought first Bernard in view; ~~already~~ rather crumpled
towered, ~~already~~ adorned, ~~for some reason~~,
in his ~~hood of~~ pyjamas, for some reason, which
whose tassels
& in slippers, were the sole
of course untied; which was midday; &

Read a name for it

NYPL

Clive and

then, without welcome departing his actual body, brought Jacken
kindly in to bye: the want of difference between them
kindly: ~~to very long.~~ Was so much more intense than Bernard.
~~Bernard~~ his extreme concentration: his clarity: strain so
extraordinarily different — his pain:

~~Unfortunately~~ Lady I am ~~to some regret~~, about fifty times
quicker. ~~Our feet have something about.~~ His emotional states are
~~to Everything, appears~~ I see Everything in Hardy I had in
addition some ~~peculiarly~~ of abdomb. Some belief in myself — went
to distracted by impression — dream-vision — odour —
Even manner like that one —

A young man ~~was~~ in a boat beneath was
playing a new record on his gramophone. The
~~waltz~~ dance music began to rise slowly round about them.
~~What any mean~~ ~~Interesting~~ the intensity of my despair —
If any permanent dissatisfaction were possible — but in my
~~Case how can that~~ ? I am deficient in all the
ordinary qualities — I am not even yet acquainted
with what it is in me that produces this curiously
intense — these violent flames of emotion — this
terrible susceptibility — how I am shaken to pieces
in a second — in a second I assure you (he had
now detached a second self to whom he spoke)
& then, I ~~be~~ am powerless to do anything. I lie
awake hour after hour. When I see him my
knees instinctively tremble. And this is over — He
~~never was~~ haunts the shortest note of whatever
mean time. I catch myself in some ~~absurd~~ pictures
absurd pictures always in some ~~impossible~~ plan. Then had I he chance for
me. He has no self-consciousness about me.

NYPL

His accounts are quite inscrutable. Thanks his Chaun for me.

But then you have every right to complain that this is a degraded state-ground. But then I And yet the power they is that transmit I assume for transit. I assume for that this then that become at moments integrated. (The two words had integrate & disintegrate were omnibus words covering up the state ground which is perhaps the highest sublimity, & the most degradation) I don't think that we have again yet experimental sufficiently - People say we are young - that's the obvious thing to say. But The obvious thing to say ? my own feeling is that we are - except in intellectual - absolutely mature. That when we get over this state, we shall decay. My feeling is that I am now writing is that we only touch our highest sublimity -

~~It might be Lazarus in the boat a Boatsport.~~

The boat had drifted in; another boat, came along - with three young men out. There was perfect. No sound not perfect: even he was getting. No sound of a soul in. They all crept back to their tents.

Jasper could not get back again to his own state of Rebecca - to the lady to whom he had been speaking had come either just right away or come so close that he was one person; & then could not ~~exist~~ speak & thought keenly. He ~~said~~ felt, instead,

One ought to look after. And then one ought to be able to give a perfectly coherent account of it. One ought to possess sufficient detachment. The poem should contain not a single Extra word. It should be the very opposite of long report & Bennett envy, where the metaphor really did not help one to see anything. The usual impasse is to be detested.

NYPL

Everything ought to be absolutely exact, absolutely hard, absolutely relevant. What is detestable is confusion, lack of order. Every word should be locked into its place.

His eyes cleared to see the dowdy women; & clothes on the river & on the young man on the punt. He began to & go to work & go to die. To dance upon the midnight- lawns unbelievable ecstasy - & pain - & love & Keats & Grantchester & Grantchester & green hyacinths -

He had He was full of A curious long rushy mechanical, lucky yet apparently spontaneous rhythm began moving in his mind, raising lilting nonsensical sentences on top of it; which were all expressing the same mood of ecstasy & tumult & grief & pain. If one could keep them moving & taking new shapes, one of the lines would be a heavenly sentence. But when he had written his poem he stood at the window. Of course, it was the words written. But then, he said, one is only just beginning to be able to say Yes - a poem, he said, is nothing but understanding; what is exactly of value is the thought absolutely clear. Perhaps after all I am not a poet. Perhaps the whole process — inspiration &c — is entirely different. Getting Getting incredible What I should write a great book. Those every gift. Whatever it is Merely a that will inspiration — & he remembered nothing & wrote - without being able to stop - I absolutely wept. I was absolutely ashamed. Yet And yet — he got up & began to walk about towards him - Probably one will die, & there will be an end of it. Cyril One can't go on forever being what I feel - This despair & joy after joy. He had felt some unrelated general

He seemed There is almost nothing there Heard say

NYPL

anger & sense of injury rising in him. He looked at the very
fine & beautiful objects – the trees, the bridge. the vast grey
buildings flat with yellow lights. ~~Take me to~~ What a
There is peace – there is content – there is immemorial calm.
But here – And there am I ~~detached~~ & tortured – The sad
~~It seemed to him that Across all unnecessary~~
There is a force of brutality: there is a horror in the world: am I
exposed to something – Then once I stretched on the rack . . .
He saw Bernard coming towards him; ~~pacing amicably, with~~
take bag in ~~his~~ hand. – always in check
~~There is something~~ ~~Even his~~ ~~Yes~~ ~~all extraordinarily~~
in keeping, Bernard said. Even his shaken bags – They
met. And as ~~they approached~~ ~~each other there~~
began ~~was talking~~ directly they recognised each other,
there seemed to be an intermediate ~~figure~~ person
who went slightly in advance of Neville, ~~& slightly~~ in
advance of Bernard timidly – a ~~boy~~ an envoy, a
representative; ~~but~~ ~~different from the~~
So then & met ~~Bernard~~ him said Neville; ~~& Bernard said~~
much he gave thy. The envoys met, those
The two ~~envoys met~~ ~~but~~ I don't in the least want to meet
him: ~~for~~ I want to be alone. ~~And yet when~~ The envoys
~~had~~ met; the principals were ~~at attached~~ ;in
when Neville & Bernard had also ~~stood~~ each other, each very
Neville timidly ~~by~~ back; but when the envoys had
~~charged~~ apology; then suddenly Neville timidly felt
wavering, ~~was he~~ ~~No; he did not regret~~ ~~but~~ ~~Bernard~~ had always been very generous: had liked
his poetry ~~He wanted sympathy~~ Bernard; although
he had meant to ~~be~~ & then, when he felt hot ~~&~~
chestnut & pale gardens, to sit down & tremble down
there ~~Gibbs~~, very desperately yet ~~happy~~ ~~urgently~~ he –
with here was Neville: & he perceived his curious

What what might be.

but I want to be alone

he wishing to be alone:

NYPL

almost ~~extravagant~~ clarity of Hearst, ~~what they~~ of such extreme
Good sense, & decency.

Nor should he very intently to be ~~kept~~ alone by the
time they both thought. Something might happen: something might
come yet — as it would if they pretend to nip, Good
Bernd a letter of Neville, Neville a letter of Bernd, together;
Then — ~~to Bath Life~~ & there: even now, something
began to bubble & stir in them; they began to think of unexpected
things; the mystery was working. As they were near
Bernard's room they went thro.

Neville at once took up a French novel; fascinated as he was
by the delicateness & clarity of the French prose, he ~~still~~ felt
at the same time ill at ease, & almost unforgiven to find
fault with the water, because the scene he was describing-
it was a scene in a ~~French~~ Paris, among well bred people, in a
drawing room, was ~~as~~ true as near to him & Probably Bernard
would have been at ease there.

It would have been at the end there.

Here already a man of the world, he thought, thumbing the
book. And then there was Byron. He opened the
book: just like him to write plays in the manner: he thought; &
He wished to be Byron, suddenly. He looked at

Barley staring at the marks several pencil; at hoping to find some thing water

Bernard, who was pouring the barley water into the
tea pot; & he felt at last full & new, &
Neville thought, as ~~somehow pleased & amused~~, he will
put on the kettle & ask the tea with them over —
That is just like him: And he felt very fond of
Bernard, as the a pale brown hare accumulated
in the table; & Bernd barley sugar & crumbs
with his ~~dusty basket~~ cape handanna pocket hand & kerchief.
~~He said how easy he makes it seem, he thought.~~
which he then stuffed back into his pocket.

NYPL

The mind

That is the reason why one can not find them: I ~~do not see why~~
I think I may ~~should~~ ask him to read my ~~poems~~ that poem. — He
could ~~not~~ ~~give his mind~~ collect himself — but he is so scattered
so ~~he has not~~ is a talker — ~~that is what always~~
perhaps
~~between us~~ it is that that ~~fact~~ prevents me ~~from~~ —

There is something that

fact —

He ~~could not find the exact~~ Listened as Bernard went
~~his~~ meeting ~~into~~ a story, a saga —
description ~~of~~ hardly, giving an account of what he had said,
~~does not~~ he listened ~~in order to~~ admire his ~~sayings~~
his jokes: but ~~also~~ ~~in the~~ ~~watched like a~~ listened for
& yet all the time he listened for something to show itself,
something underneath — something that would mean
that one could show him the poem.

Bernard finished the story. —

~~This is not altogether what I~~
~~It could~~ There are the rest of pleasures I should like to be
able to ~~talk of to~~ ~~But as~~ It goes splendidly here;
English. Bernard thought, feeling the ~~scholarship~~ of talk
in
words. I am sure that he loved poem, now, like this,
with almost perfect mastery of his tongue; of his
~~thinking except~~ Everything ~~Everything~~ about seemed to be
shaped: that he had clearly noticed at the time; by
a ~~like~~ emphasis, by a letter carefully ~~adjustment~~, by
letting into ones head the shape of the man began,
the supreme Jobbet had made a one, then simply
trusted that naturally, & even as one was talking
of the evening that occurred to him; he suddenly
understood something about the psychology of
fraud — he hazarded a guess: & this he found
an extremely pleasure in giving voice to his discovery
voice: how the room was furnished, what sort of
person he had a to with: he suddenly began a

NYPL

whatever must characterize a Jacken – a Rome person –
character ~~gave it as~~ ~~went~~ anything upward to that. Hence
I suspect, he said to Neville, that I am a born novelist.
I am interested; ~~but~~ I am much too interested in actual facts –
I feel the lure of the ~~tangible~~ actual fact.

to self, pursuing, the indistinguishable like a tortoise

Now a word like "lure" gave him peculiar pleasure. He would like to scribble that down in – taking the last gaze on the desk, where the butler had accurately

French phrase had. ~~He hooked at the last a moment.~~

Suddenly he perceived, that Neville had lost interest.
Just as he was about to describe Peyton's character.
For in fact Neville had thought, ~~I shall never~~
he ~~shall~~ – he ~~shall~~. I shall never be able to bring him that
subject – He is going off again –
And now, when Bernard stopped & looked at the ~~last~~
overshoot that was under the other Cranshot so that all
the butler had run inboard, he was irritated. Now he will dig his pipes in the fire & smoke
But feeling this check, Bernard became instantly vague & dreamy.
Neville's power of making him feel, in very remarkable,
he thought. It There was probably something silly in what
have been saying. ~~One must try to be more profound.~~
~~His thoughts ran on imagery should be commonplace~~
It thought me unpleasant. Now I must think of something
profound. ~~One might of some other~~

a flame of) am very superficial I shall always a bad study

He looked at Neville Cyprian in the chair,
yes; He – in love with somebody – somebody has been
beasty – behaving badly. ~~She is always on the dark~~, he said;
And then of I say that, a Metaphor true –

NYPL

(the actual books in the Character of a novelist)

He looked at Neville lying back in the arm chair.
It may be love – it may be nothing. What is the quality of this
~~But~~ silence? But ~~though he ashamed~~ it was impossible to
ask this calmly; for the fact of being silent was intensely
uncomfortable – such was the extraordinary force of Neville's
Character. All Bernard could do was ~~to begin~~ begin
~~again~~ straight off, for example – Byron –
What ~~should we have thought of~~ about Byron?
Instantly he saw Byron, just as he had seen Percival; the story
scene arranged itself; ~~& he visited~~ with Byron in the centre;
& his tongue itched to be describing Byron's house, & his
effects & his limp; & ~~how he talked~~ what he said to
Lady Byron But he felt that Neville refused to
talk about this:
And then Neville got up, & began wandering round the room; &
stood at the window; & ~~suddenly~~ these restless movements,
these sudden & angular movements, seemed to ~~produce~~
~~different~~ break up the silence; to make one exhilarant &
irritable & uncomfortable. But it was very quietly. At last he
clasped
~~Something~~ heavy & vehement seemed to be loaded
behind his life. It would crash straight to the wall.
It was a violent assault against everything. It was a scream
against the ~~heartless~~ inevitable. The commonplaceness,
the ordinariness of everything. It was a demand; it was
a ~~It~~ And at first Bernard felt this as ~~to be as if~~
it were a bullet, that would fly past his ear &
lodge in the panel. And then, slowly man
uncomfortable, he began to be unable to detach
himself from the tremendous unhappiness & anger.
& his claim & his demand & he began to
fizz – that is to feel his own self going wrong with

NYPL

Some one else feeling: I. Now extraordinarily exciting, also
a creative – one was re-made; one was altered; ~~eyes~~
my life is changing; one is admitting a new force into me;
I am seeing that – + that; [they ~~appear~~ in life to come
appeared so plainly – changed so plainly that he could
not name them, intensely felt them]
leave it with me
Yes I will read it tonight; (& I am proud to be chosen)
~~& I will tell you tomorrow.~~ he said, having received an
extraordinary proof of Neville's confidence: having felt ~~for a~~
that he was in contact for a moment with something
~~which~~ ~~was~~ like ethereal light; whizzing wind;
also for Neville remarkably visual, this impression
when Neville closed your book you read my poem?
it had a shape like a long white hot screw – a
ridiculous as it must be – burning into one
It was one of the most exciting days that had ever happened to him.
when Neville went, he began plunging up & down the room;
taking handfuls of biscuit into his fist, & cramming
them into his mouth, softly beating at the shelf.
And this – this, he said, Hoffmeier & Meyer.

altogether
altogether
end. has to
be made)

NYPL

Later, as the night drew on, the Vicomte & the Company of boasters, over as they thumbed & boasted, were wafted, of their fathers & their uncles & themselves, were blown about Neville's window; quietly, & unseen. He was alone, keeping his eye fixed [illegible] steadily upon them & then upon that;

His eye kept shifting as more Contenders [illegible]

& perceived it [illegible] and, bodiless, unperturbed

This when the pressure is removed, he said, [illegible] relief & comfort: [illegible] he was very comfortable; tired enough to be curious of the cushions of the chair. For once, the chair is comfortable, he said. And there — the Goals had accidentally anchored themselves [illegible] upon each other: the black & the red; red & black. [illegible] It was [illegible] over the bridge. This evening, he reflected, said. then I felt the honor, — [illegible] physical symptoms — hardness — Gilbert's; related to him) When, in Bernard's words, the Young indecently, ask[illegible] when he was ramming [illegible] his cigarette end on to the plate — upon which greasy — then the moment of dissolution came. His physical senses had been so acute that — he described them. Came to the words. Here the party rose from the boasting Company, & made the world outside seem very windy; & the room calmer cooler. The Horse And I love that, he said, but [illegible], ironically, yet sentimentally; Bernard heard [illegible] her gloves. See & Come" how did he say that? He read it in his cold way — baldly grumbly: but yet the undertone — [illegible] — tenderly. There is nothing that perhaps that he can't understand. & Act — no, he saw the undertone even about Percival, his Helendrum, in his slippers; in his bath.

This I stand back in myself.

NYPL

Really, this almost unbelievable, he said very gently, his eye seeking
the symmetrical black & red coals again: with content;
~~Had~~ the ~~Hamlet~~ to ~~himself~~. ~~From~~ ~~Seeing~~ Nothing offered his
~~own~~ certainty; ~~or~~ his consciousness ~~of being~~. Every part of
his body was conscious — of the curve of the cushion; of the
way under his feet; of being ~~upheld~~ sustained ~~unassailable~~
by some inner predominance which ~~belonged to him~~
tenderness only. ~~at the same time~~, his Mother me your
Prothero. ~~eyes~~, he said; — It seemed that his head ~~lying back~~ on the
cushion was laid there, like a ~~toy~~, ~~pipe of Peace~~, ~~which~~ ~~had only~~ the
~~they had only to wear, or to lay; as the~~ ~~he~~ ~~or perhaps~~ This ~~extremity~~ ~~beauty~~ ~~had only~~ the
~~habit~~ ~~tenderly~~, the ~~& his fingers~~ moved ~~touching~~, a little, pensive as,
adoring it — the ~~and~~ did not distinguish between the
Goodness of Bernard, & the ~~beauty~~ ~~and~~ ~~goodness~~ of Percival, — I then
Give it back to them; Here is the Solution — at
least for me.

He was looking at the coals, but behind him ~~was after all~~
the beauty of the grey block there, as I saw it when I had
crossed the bridge — ~~the beauty~~ & then the ~~square~~ Court —
& then the ~~advancing~~ figure — ~~Rhoda~~ coming towards me —
& then

~~Her~~ this ~~emotion~~ ~~reached~~ ~~became~~ ~~was~~ too strong — ~~Tears~~ ~~being~~ ~~had a~~ ~~were~~ ~~Tears~~ abroad.
~~Tears~~ were actually in her eyes.

Nothing that I can ever do, with he said enough
~~for them~~, he said, letting the tears run, but taking up
the poker. ~~Say 'them' he meant~~ ~~as "they"~~
They are ~~so much~~ infinitely beyond me —
being the grey buildings, the Court, Bernard, Percival, & ~~them~~
~~were~~ & ~~somethings~~ ~~tremendous~~; ~~sometimes~~ ~~they~~
~~terrible~~ ~~terrible~~; the drunken young. ~~perhaps~~ ~~this~~
Again & Rhoda, with more reason ~~assumed~~ now, ~~at the~~
window. They were cheering. ~~How~~ I adore it!
How I adore it. he said. Smashing the coal with the
poker

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Why did one wish ~~to have this~~ thought to end it? Why was it impossible to continue in that state for ever? Was that ~~I~~ somehow full merely with ~~indications~~ ? There is always a curious ~~instinct~~ ~~dislike~~ desire ~~fear~~, suspicion; an ominous feeling; a desire to deny whatever ~~advances~~ advances; or perhaps this is merely conventional — one is afraid of ones own feelings.

or does one prophesy the end —

~~As~~ she began to feel a strange how ~~feelings~~ sorrow that was ~~at perhaps~~ perhaps sweeter delightful than the ecstasy; how things pass; & the song is over. ~~One with very down to~~ We shall all be parted now. This section of ~~my~~ life will be over. So he wrote on a head on her knee, a poem.

It was strange how in the room are they suddenly stood out in complete clarity — ~~that~~ That was a green jar. Its shape was ~~un~~ remarkable. It bulged & tapered. Round the neck a circle was grooved. Its colour was hard & clear, ~~one~~ emerald green, ~~to the~~ at first glance; but with certain dark spots ~~down on it~~, where the green became almost bottle shadow; & the pot ~~had~~ bulged; & then one square of light ~~on the~~ a reflection, a window seemed, lit on to the hard green glaze. The pot seemed to ~~be~~ a pot merely; had an air of ~~being~~ just there ~~what~~ casually, oddly. Some ~~looked~~ at it; It jutted out, had further moments ~~at~~ as pale some cruelty & ~~identity~~ that revered it from the cultured flowers & ~~succors~~ & ~~ash~~ the rest of the things, which, as the light was ~~like~~ so partial, ~~had~~ were crowded rather ambiguously (in the depths of the room) in the ~~so~~ strongly wavering & unreliable light.

The smelling of the pot were due to that shadow,

For though the dawn had now lost all its mist, the reality now displayed — the actual jug, the actual knife — was other; perhaps some looked at the green glaze

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long enough more incomprehensible. the night work he dazzled me — drama it[self] Law looked with complete indifference at one thing: might well fail the whole mind reached down a funnel; amazed at the quickness of objects: whereas, when the light for[ever] changed & weaker & may tints came flickering & sparkling; then the mind was following world flame & likeness: for[ever] seeing resemblances. & not knowing where the edge was. Only, however this matter of identity, these surprising rearrangements here & there of form & colour might be in the room, there was something monotonous, unclean, not ghastly very or paltry — always indeed recalling the same image: [beneath] a hammer falling; a foot stamping: down on the beach the waves broke, thick mica[l] flecked, recalling always the advance of planned horsemen, their regular ranks; & the [rapid] sigh of someone so would account that this body lies flat on a beach. a sandy shore; & the beats come & go as [with] an up & like a man who breathes for him.

with [pro]found:

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15
16
1 17
2 18
3 19
4

like a damp
not

Nathaniel looked at the steady procession of people's backs past the window. As the entire house in the city. The window was misted by the steam from beef & mutton & Veals & chops & Sausages & mashed. A watery vapour hung in the. under the worm's ~~something~~ was added to it by the. Nat's chops; & his the Nathaniel with his Early relation of the Evening herald propped on the Gregory cats helped himself to milked himself to greens & bread the latest Morning news. (his father, who had been a Supreme man in Australia, had failed. & Nat. was now a clerk in an office) But he was not much interested. As, he felt practically nothing of what the paper told. Lifted from the Crust, he put it on his knee; & went on looked at the people passing the window without. Hardly any change of expression.

~~It makes hardly any~~ I don't think? Tell anything, he said to himself, I think I am immune. Nobody would There is no difference — none whatever. They all Yet we do I'm. The only difference is that I have voice faint Conscious ness. ~~The horror~~ that ~~horror~~ yet — ~~but that grows fainter.~~ That there is something else: but that grows fainter. I shall Was almost sure. Look: I am quite unable to work up any pity or horror: I don't think I even see those people in the Street anymore. I never have Mental clean new; or ~~a boy cries in a blue moon~~. And I am an ordinary Englishman.

~~He liked to say the~~ The ~~thought~~ word pleased him: in a ~~Complicated way~~ although he was he did not altogether convince himself. He Yet at the other ~~door~~ eaters. They ate with Greater ferocity: & they were Generally interested in the Morning news: & Soon they would bring a game of Dominoes. Gethsemane That he left

Hardly

NYPL

& Remarkably little. I feel as Ulick, he said, waiting for the pudding to be brought, I clearly see anybody with distinctness. This is far better than is the regular Irish grind. This better to be exactly like other people. This much better to have arrived at the certainly that one must be average. This the fact - this the truth. All geniuses are more rarely. Certainly Can work themselves up into a froth. But they can spend three years at the university analysing their feelings. They can sit talking. I am very glad that my we went mad just when we did. Otherwise I should have been like that too. Now I have got the truth on them all. I don't know I know the facts perhaps worse. For

He looked through the steamy windows, at an impressionist picture of young men of our age sitting, in indifferent attitudes, over the backs of chairs, one had his knee across the edge of the table. They were incredibly how remote they are from facts: they don't know what goes on; they have it all to learn. Lots of them will be dead for ever. He looked at what was actually before him: Rather pale. Studious. Harvard, but with some indescribable assurance some look of knowingness, some thing unabashed, up to snuff - These young men here were different from their fathers, better & knowing. The right thing to say in every emergency. 'To the manner born' they were just 'fellers': the final attitude as they dealt their cut cuffs & Coffee, preen & hotaton, the easy way they wore their body, the easy good smile, the easy repartee, the joke, the casualness, the ordinariness, all seemed to Nathaniel regret. The other (he looked at the picture he had made) has something gone wrong. It is unproductive.

And when the fish and their after-coat came, putting the dish down with a smack (she was in such repute she could only get thick ugly cod) he tried to say (across rhythms) what was it

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His change of attitude is wonderful to natives.

that the real Mystery of this clerk was—
He always failed at the last moment to say the right thing.
He always remained unassimilated. He felt his body, formidably, craggy body. And he remembered that he spoke always with an Australian accent; And that, ~~Egyptians~~ People always knew that he was not English — whatever he ² : the very much resented that momentary interrogation: as if they were trying to place him. ~~Get about treaties to~~ Than he would ~~be angry. Then he would~~ go and open them & remove them & look at the deplorable Arabic ~~packages, these monsters~~ the disappearance, Arabic or ugly things about them — he would gladly Melancholy; as ever, ~~of the Arabs~~ love his timber & say ~~something~~ ~~Bad~~ But ~~for the most part~~, And then, ~~now familiarly~~, unfeelingly, his hardened & Offered kindly ~~became~~ ~~tortuous~~ of his own said, I am with my back to the wall: yes, & I can insure my will. You can't stand up against me. You are weak immaterial: all this is language perhaps: in me is something enduring His courtroom shrewdness made him right

And looking at the dreary windows he began to notice with feathers & ~~the~~ ~~ash~~ I will make them: I will find out what the order is: he said, working over his treat: ~~Abort~~ I am not going to submit to that — he meant the disappearance disorderliness & helplessness of the people going about them. I am going to ~~reduce~~ the order.

What then is truth. Lies at the back of things? It round: a Thing? Talk to his most remote past. There is something with it. I always hear: I am a fresh. Those courtrooms & that's word me. I felt my just words to the Egyptian woman talking red Medallion & Fell the Egyptian woman talking red pictures of the Nile — that's the background —

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~~One must get the background~~ He looked again at the shifting
Dodgers, Lowberry & barrow boys: You shall be reduced to order
he said; I shall discover the ~~the~~ some connection wh- has
hitherto escaped everybody. And suddenly his mind took a
flash-light picture of the whole Eatery scene — the great
~~[illegible]~~ steamy coffee urn; the sandwiches under
Glass Cases; the men taking snacks at the counter;
the poor ladies hanging behind the steamy windows —
the narrow marble tables. That taken; he said
with a sigh of relief, relapsing from what had been a
state of extreme tension. And he stirred his coffee
round & round, looking with ~~[illegible]~~ wild mischievous eyes
~~very observantly~~ & thoughtfully at the other people
And then, as if he were now in touch with humanity a-
Gain, as if some relief & that emotion into wh- he
had tried to thrust back, stirred him, he became
very quiet, much lowered by curious mixed
memories — of light & darkness; a vexed laugh; very dim
Transparent; a Cloud like a purple breast; & at
the same time, he became very much the ~~[illegible]~~ great
person in the Eatery house; so young, so credulous so
tender, so loving. so simple minded that he was
almost ashamed of himself. You are all
~~pretending~~ pretended & egyptian, he said; I am only looking up an
~~address~~ address; nothing believe. I am ~~very~~ incredibly
young. I am entirely with this — You can't get me — I
Cant employ me. I am escaped.
Then, ~~was~~ feeling this, & trying somehow to make
amends, a hazy hint flashing to make up some
deficiency in- cd. when he made up his mind left
a large tip that the others did. For options
they loved & the right thing to — the girl when
The hyper then this ways. The when loved — It
saw her a Thirty. They were saw the Lights.

off their shaken- heads, flowery, white

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The songs of the birds

Therefore he must always be careful to give more in tithes than other people.

How the birds sang each alone, separately, in the garden
One sang under the window, ~~where the sleeper was waiting~~.
Another on the topmost ~~spray~~ twig of the lilac bush;
another on the wall. Each sang ~~wildly~~ ardently, harshly;
~~as~~ in a rage, in a vehemence, as if their ~~own~~ song
must burst at them; Even if it no matter if it
were destructive, ~~the~~ breaking ~~into~~
the song of another bird ~~harshly~~ unmelodiously. Their eyes
were bright; their throats ~~burned~~; their claws ~~gripped~~ the
twig, or ~~the~~ rake And now & again their song ran together in
bars of ~~sound~~ in sudden ~~wild~~ miraculous harmonies,
~~forgotten~~ like the interlacing of a mountain stream,
whose waters, meeting, foam, & then mix & harden
~~flushing~~ & sinking down the same channel, bright the same
~~clumps~~ of leaves, & taking the same blues & greens of
sky & cloud, & then part. There is an island. They
a ~~fallen tree~~; all they ~~wander apart~~. ever.

The birds

How they sang above. ~~perched high or low, with~~
whether ~~their~~ the bare sky behind them, or the brick wall.
They sang ~~before~~ without shelter to the air & sun;
beautiful in their new plumage; ~~even the dullest~~
~~variegated~~ shell-~~backed~~ wing, & here & there, ~~not~~ bright with
with ~~red~~-blues, with ~~flakes of~~ gold. Flakes,
with a ~~jungle bar of~~ crimson or green. They
sang ~~without hesitation~~, as if the song were urged out of them
by the pressure of the morning. ~~Rubbed~~ And
as if its edge were sharpened & went cut; went
over the softness of green light, the dampness of
wet Earth, the fumes & steams of the steaming

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Dawn-Wolfed

Kitchen vapours, the wet sheds & pecking hens outside
benches from the day before. On all the world, the
Crumpled, the ~~cloud-filled~~ the early with mothers. They
descended, unhurriedly. They ~~to~~ wormed suddenly from
the lilac bough, or the fence, rising a snail there
& tabbed ~~briskly together~~ the thick gaunt a stone. It was
broken: rebreakably, unhurriedly, whilst the thick broke -
out oozed something slimy. And then, that explored, the
beak jerky, flicky went to the ~~flesh~~, snail flesh
Very inward, slowly, to the fence or highest twig
where only the sun burnt. Now dawn, such a lament as
fore the heart the listener, had there been a listener,
for youth ~~dashed~~ drabberous, for the cry of youth broken
hearted, with the snail slime on its beak, with
The arrow in its heart, for had a valiant youth, where
Egotism has been broken, where energy has been
broken; tabby snail-shelled: who clear eyed, sometimes.
lifted high, with the sun above, a stem a stone beneath,
laments - laments. when all is raw & the country
covered with apple blossom, Many glaucous, lament-
Able laments, ~~or~~ laments with piercing ~~sadness~~ woes.

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It was merely England; ~~the London~~ where Suffolk
passing through Norfolk, a lovely Country, a country of ~~hay~~ sweet wood.
A carriage, a car even, could be seen coming along this way ahead.
But although it was a Country without ~~a~~ anything sensational
hidden – no keep of the sea, no hills – marshalling
Clumping of lovely Oaks – trees, of course, – here
Jasper, who was walking ~~behind~~ to whistle for ~~Bright~~ the
name of: ~~let~~ red setter, ~~dog~~ ~~Bright~~ – dog – The knew it
too well. to ~~lay~~ any thing: The knew it by ~~Heart & Hand~~;
~~The Knew it so well that The knew when it would be~~
it smells, ~~it would~~ – The knew it by the way the flowers
grew; by a certain barn; by an old woman who came to
the door – curtseys. The knew it by some rhythem it had –
when they ~~the gray~~ ambled ~~Bess~~ ~~Roger~~ walked up the
lane by their horse heads, swaying slowly The knew it by
the depth of the ~~mud at the gate~~ The knew it
by the cries of the schoolchildren; & also something curious,
mixed, not more one thing than another thing –
The lead dog must be put on the chain – which
when she raised her head from ~~looking~~ over the dog
gave ~~her a look of tolerance~~ sent a wave of
habitual, comfortable, ~~yes~~ ~~they~~ ~~yes~~ profound ~~that~~
feeling through her; so that she stood for a moment,
looking about at the fields.
~~I should never be happy anywhere else, the said~~
because I should never be merely anywhere else. The said
people ~~that~~ she had ~~hated~~ school! ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~had~~
~~made it~~ with its violent severance; its intolerable
imposition of others ~~slavery~~ smells; other homes
And she began to think how much people missed
when they did not see this. Where the lichen on the

passing through
forge to
pine wood.

ale rods
of mown
Chagny
Hyp –
the cars
is
L Fonche-

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barn, she said: there are the leaves on the trees; & the grey-ish white tufts on the old man's head; there are the crow's nests in the Elms - which the farm carts have made; & for the nests get up price in London like ~~fancy fur~~ dear ones get. But fancy then she has other things, she said; she might be going to party. The pale radiance may light them for a moment upon a misty turnip field. Then there's the hothen - ~~then there's~~ where we couldn't afford it. with Nigel at College. Everything moved. Go to bed - she said, her mother (her father) the ~~wanted~~ would be bloodshed - (for the village had an very high reputation of ~~for~~ were full of (family) quarrels) And then a nothing would be done with the Bradshaws (the squire's family) afraid. ~~Everything afraid to her~~ ~~wanted they do?~~ ~~They need~~ It seemed to her that she knew ~~the cottages~~ every cottage in the parish; what how many children there were; what women, weight, bad legs & scarlet fevers they had; to whom recently they had applied; which were in actual need - which were beggars; & all that she had always known as a matter of course - to ~~be~~ what had always been.

Then there will be the dance at the school she said; & ~~in confidence~~ ~~panted~~ Nobbed to give Emily the ~~unutterable~~ pleasure of seeing just the short shock of hair on a darkeys forehead, & then its clammy ~~the~~ nose. And I shall make it up with Mrs Bead, because if I let her think she can annoy me, then ~~they will be~~ the others will try it on too. Dr Rattray a bad lot as old women. The father; & then Hilda & married Edgar, who will certainly beat her, if as

which the farm

Mrs. Bone was always threatening to Kill her wife)

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father says, he knows he is the father of Mary's child.

There were some families that were very vicious. They had always been so. The men got into trouble poaching. Then there were the Ebdellses. Mrs. Candy was had been father bad again over her washtub on Monday — The ~~right never to be allowed~~ And she would have another child in May. Epileptics, drunkenness, cruelty - stories.

There will be the dance at the schoolroom on Saturday week; I shall be very nice to Mrs Beard, because I do want to give her no chance whatever of another grievance. But although she ~~knows~~ had it all, like a map, in her head — the exact location of every house; its defects — how a ~~further cottage were let to fall into~~ dilapidation, no sinks sometimes, ~~bad sanitation sometimes~~, leaking roofs sometimes, & knew down at any moment summon up her exact position — for, as her mother was dead — there was for her to do things, with the clubs, meetings, games for girls, ~~visits~~ ~~Cried~~ in a moment just lately, appreciably, in touch, in relation; welcomed at farmhouses not so much liked by the Beards, but on the whole very ~~much~~ very friendly treated, for her father (the father was dear to her as a devoted ~~and a~~ lovely God. ~~did he not read~~ Cooks ~~rambles~~ about in his shabby clothes, ~~always~~ ~~scattering~~ ~~untidy everything~~, always untidy, untidy trouble everything people came & went in the doorstep.) although she knew all this, ~~knows~~ by instinct, new at her, She was very nearly as ~~stupid~~ as an old donkey; very nearly a negative. Mother, the maid, thinking of Jenny hardly in London; and a little jealously;

nearly to his

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I don't think that she said suddenly, the anchor
quickly. She had seen both, or that she saw it again;
I saw, one thing & then another, how intensely she
watched. I saw, & seemed to her that she was so
much "I" that was in, as reasons, taking her work then: strong
women now & then. Yes: She would be that lovely
figure in mask when: the last lamp suddenly & she
heard the alone - & then the day. & the early grey about the
lamps flaring with the wet glass: Hands busy tasting wisps
on the hedges: Then & so on, she said, thinking with
not troubling to keep comma with my pen. pleasure.
Yes so I'm almost a thing - so content, so one thing
happening & another - I don't know how some people
talk. That I never want to talk. I can't talk. I feel
I can't say anything. I mean, I never say anything.
Flash sometimes, positively. Old gentlemen get in
with me. And then -
But she never could bear to pry her mind
when marriage with my pecans - Mary here (the fate)
perhaps grey eyes far away. No: and yet she knew,
- for they were beginning to work in her this great wave
this delectable pity - Then she was: I had the word:
Chat was a far stronger than this was. And then
That's nobody in the whole world she said:
this extraordinary impulse to give everything she learned -
One has instincts. But to whom? How the
strength, mat polish, Italy - Jane the head blue eyes
the sand fir: how then comes one feel it in the veins -
the diamonds. This dress to be absolutely & entirely -
what any doubts gone away? Do she suppose
feel how? does Mary? Does Charlotte? &

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And suddenly she began to
think she was in the light - for they
were her own eyes. It seemed to her
that she was
love;

to rather a brutal young man — to a young man in jailer's,
flapping his jacket with a whip. silent; drunk too. That was
what she wanted Somebody very drunk too, who would
come home in the Evening. She never could imagine what
they said. Then she lay in his arms. All this time she was
hugging the nose of Sankey that had come to the jail.
But it was always impossible to imagine what they said. He
called her dog ~~& they went on~~; ~~they~~ & so came home,
& the fields, & the trees & the cows & the darkness began
again to thicken, but her eyes & to make her feel as if she
were rocking ~~among~~ them, like a ship at sea: ~~& she~~
~~were~~ forging ahead through familiar waves; &
tasting on her cheeks the sweet old breath; ~~& then~~
made her body. wanted rain, & actually at on her blood:
in the roots of the fair, in her, the palms of her hands.
She felt as if everything were chiming ~~& making~~
God circles in little circles like the pulse in her ~~th~~ blood:
brick circles in fur. Her breath went up before her, like a
horse's breath. The night which was regular in feast &
unhurried. ~~went on~~ And little beads of wet formed on
her chest. the & brow where became visible & darker
with the wet grass & the mud. And ~~But~~ what, the
midday Night, do I look like? I am at the moment
very red; my nose is red; & my eyes are running slightly at the
Corners, with the wind I am december dressed; thick
my skirt & coat are now a little muddy. oh ah,
they are two years old. And I am so ~~they look as if~~ they are,
my eyes are my best point. They are a very dark blue. & they
face ~~might be~~ is an oval face. I look determined; &
~~little set~~. ~~I do not~~ laugh much. ~~I exhibit~~ in my eyes I
~~might be~~ & perhaps more nervous than I am.
What I mean is that I am very slow in my feelings:
~~but~~ I ~~do not~~ often & very nervous: & they
seemed to her to reach straight into everything: the
to see the only November birds: never to be hurt off,

new powers to avoid a deep mind was easily adapted to a slump in my pleasures.

are rather decidedly set.

& I look

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or beguiled or made to think what was untrue: so that
directly she saw them in the morning she saw exactly
what was there. Also, thinking she slept, she felt
incensed of some extreme dilemma or shame, which would
draw her hat the obscure thing – that all the holidays –
the Alps – she was not doing any. She felt with two great
intensity. She felt with such passion that sometimes
when she woke early she lay in bed nearly crying at the
~~Then~~ thought of it. Until she could get it
shown to real to her: & then, ~~then~~ slowly she drew
the wound so to find the cyst, feeling then smooth oval thing,
pushing at a feather that had struck to core & there;
Then ~~the wound~~ she felt the reality slowly so slowly
across the garden that she could not bear to be
~~half-awake or to~~ caught by the look of eyes. She felt
more like a cat on a log or something that has always lived
~~in the sun~~ at all night. Sometimes she had only been
~~at all night.~~ dead

intensely like an animal

Healthy

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It is that I ~~can't give up. The~~ that I am. She said: & She seemed grey
green, pear-shaped, into a person, a light, an aroma, something
falling on the ~~tree~~ hedge which nobody named:
This was herself; this was her happiness; & it did not stay long;
this quickening only came only once or twice, ~~I was so~~ sun
suddenly when she was with a sense of her own eyes, out of doors;
for ~~Any Contact~~ ~~If I found~~ ~~any body there~~, most nobody She said,
then — &, ~~as at the~~ Even the imagination of people
talking in rooms with their usual things about them, humiliated her,
made her forever & love the sense of her eyes. And the felt
all those attachments. Those blackberries, as of
human boys look that endure this & broke it up
making it a ~~thorny and tender~~ bitch, chattering, annoying kindly
Greedy shocking blaming greedy — yes, She would like after this
walk to drop into a chair & simply eat. ~~What was~~ There was
~~Then~~ for luncheon? And She ~~thought~~ felt her teeth meet in
the cake solid wrong as pheasant; & her tongue felt its
fibres; & then the delicious hotness & scent of pheasant, & the grey
dry bread crabs; & the heaping up of soft bread sauce, &
the ~~holy~~ pungent, curious taste of bruised the root — & the deep
the cold water — ~~Was~~ That would be very delicious —
Her boy would subside into that.. And then, ~~about~~ late,
She would welcome the daughter, that well known,
rather formal but sweet falling would possess her,
as her father came in, & her mind would begin to
brew slowly like a flame before his ~~need~~ tenderness or sadness
& She would instinctively ~~debate how best to meet, to~~
leap up to embrace, or cover over ~~or~~ & alleviate
whatever was exposed & crazy; plunge into the hollow.
~~He~~ She was a dumb man. ~~He had~~ But his habits had
formed themselves upon beliefs, & the beliefs were very old;
& very venerable. Gentle, beyond observance ways; among
men, tales — not liking lawyers; ~~a lawyer~~ he was an
old man too. She was very like him.

Unhelpful,

pheasant.

on the pheasant,

when her father came in;

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saying nothing sometimes.

Thus, beneath the green hot with the little windows let into its side there were were other objects also – for example there was a white vessel, solid, plump, & solid, ~~with~~ but not, if one looked long enough, ~~perfectly~~ white. The glaze was cracked with little threads; blues, yellows, a blurry ~~of dark but~~ light, a sort of skein of many tints lay on it, so that people looks even – but as one looked they vanished, ~~and only~~ ~~whiteness remained~~ absorbed into whiteness. – That bulged shoulder behind the hot; & this were in the foreground knife – fork, plate: the ~~light~~ daylight revealed more & more shapes, hard, bright, but reached irregularly, so that the actual shape might eventually on a new entire light be different: Now the knife blade seemed like a new object – a wet road in the ~~light~~ – a stream ~~a river~~ – as perhaps fishermen from it on its intensely a bridge. ~~He~~ And left it to cut ~~round~~ But what ~~there~~ were also ~~the shoots~~ what was together make, but much more difficult to define a wholly irregular compound, unrecordable in ~~for~~ a moment, how spiral, there straight, a conglomeration & a complexity, in which the eye might rest only when a person who walks into a grove: how a) here softly & there here caverns people ~~forming~~ ample – then intense, twisted Here, ~~falling there separate~~ Down up, down there convolutions, clumber, Here thicker, the like a person muted in a fog, wandering among trees; unable to understand; hemmed: confronted by huge encyclopedias, one thing

fashioned for holding purple, – egg, or

& its pierced cavity became shallow Bowl

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Coming up
under

[illegible] Jetty: Thundering [illegible] or shouting in
nothing; here such was the Confusion that waited
upon simply looking, in the early light, at the Town.

Boat

Boat, just as the intricacy of ~~[illegible]~~ [illegible]
[illegible] began to [illegible] beneath, such that
little eyes, their own crew, & them, when the wind
blows, all seems to be blown out in one vast billow or
flaunting cloth, together, a Flag; so now, the wind
& the sea, its Great Thunder of water, made a
all these little togetherness, these intricacies, then
time & speak, interweaving obscurity, cutting each
other into zig zags & shapes, together: by its
use & talk; its smooth falling; its blankness; its
puffed up[illegible]. & mandowy & indifference.
such word could come only from
Enclosed [illegible]

1416

NYPL

Prelude
Education
Technology
The Town
Conversation
Weather.

It was all dark. The Indeed, just before the Cab turned the
Corner, ~~one might have been in~~ the streets so dark that
Everybody must have been ~~asleep~~ undressed gone to bed, asleep
already; ~~undressed~~, undressed — which was incredible to
Jenny: For she was passing beneath their windows
in a ~~dark~~ so different: a darkness, that then momentary darkness
affected her so cruelly; like the darkness before light; like the
hush ~~of the music begins~~ the violins And then there was.
the avenue of light: & then, the hush & prelude, like some
mystic rite — taking off, planner, formally arranging.
& beginning then to move. Everybody was moving. The
great rooms were not real, but like Stage scenes; just as
gaudily real — of Great Wedding Chamber where tufts of
pale flowers flowed, & the Bed to Ladies, even the very
pillow Cases, had an air of very costly.

This is partly what I expected, she said ~~to~~ this natural.
I am here alive. I ~~have~~ am a native. I am ~~expe~~
expensive — I am sentient. I am alive everywhere — not
alive only, but my mind, my being, has put out — &
~~flowered~~ felt, extraordinarily, the silk ~~and~~ beauty be the —
fine silk. purely together strongly colored, perfectly
adapted to some effect & the silk that he had
picked up — those flowers, regrets, bowers, — That
extraordinary sensitiveness it had, & that instinct
knowing the name, she knew, & they stood
talking a little while, how the hint to every
person & the shy cry in the room — To hear the words
be spoken, — to him laughter, — to him simple,
to him mocking, dark: her body moved he then eyes
always she knew like a violin, at change
tone; & the hands needed [illegible] more than food
never can we have met — a whole fine love —

In darkness,
in whole;
. pervaded.
he body

pervaded

NYPL

There was no sound

Eyes

As if Everything were sealed, Ecstatic,

She said, much more subtly & another [illegible] language & movement & colour, & low follow. or, suddenly turn. like a pool in whose back a shadow has fallen. I shall go - dart softly - & then suddenly, when she was left to look to Pamela, or Claudia, all the went naked, colourless, shapeless. Beneath their clothes were the bodies of men - male, hard, grooved with beautiful clefts & cut lines. Beneath their Silks. They were very young. Their hands fluttered at their ties - felt their work. Behold moon, she said, sitting on the balcony with the watson, we are arent we acceptable? Shall we what go with to see, young bodies, sitting on gilt chairs? And she laughed at nothing: but a wild ecstatic laugh; The laugh she formulated, eager, [illegible] youthful body, with its clothes torn off, making the naked arm when she shot it out, like a — making her knee, with its folds of grey linen like a — making her knee, with its folds of grey linen like a wave too, & one had silver bones - She laughed again She took the thin stemmed glass & rubbed to circle let themselves be floated, to lean against the slow wandering walk, the thing that [illegible] which seemed to to become something one beat against, smooth, cool revolving, new as yet strange entrancing body, a ball of cool, something upholding me, at the same time handling me, & adding this blood body, so that in the centre of the Everything, Ecstatic, now Ready, let irresistibly round & round, in a extraordinary harmony, egg shaped, oval, all in a sort, there was the other body with its hands, folding [illegible] its centre of vibration, its strength, flung off, in harmony with the music, [illegible] upon its waves. At last, they let both the shutters; & walking rather slowly, as if they had just shuffled off a morning headache, they found two

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gilt chairs alone on a balcony.
They went to inspect. The took a thin-stemmed glass of that thick
lifted it, rather rightly because she did not like the
taste of wine. She did the. So it tasted a little like medicine.
And then, when she had drunk half her glass, she began to
feel faint, I feel my veins. Now just between the shoulder
blades each little knob is becoming soft warm, soft;
& something now the tingling up the back of my head;
now I am able to remount that little ledge which I have
lies just behind my tongue. I will venture over the border - I will
say what I will venture - I will step out - I will listen no.
Just break.
And she said aloud to Mr Watson,
Tell me what you do; But of course it was
but the The accent of tragedy - real. There was a
accent on 'Tell' as if some weight fell on it;
as if the word were trembling through some impediment;
& yet her voice was like a fluttering bird, which
having flown out of the nest, finds its wings weak
& poor & wants & wants, & yet sees the bird-catcher stark
near, dark beak, his face, his escaped. And they, both
caught, - & She rubbed again & felt the warmth -
softness not only in her, but already everywhere -
warmth, softness seemed to coordinate everybody
I am a naive She said to herself. This is my world.
No Other is possible. This is what I am come to capture to
live to make my way. At her eyes raised themselves to
the door. When it opens, my life will be changed
She said to herself. Only a servant came in with a
tray. But next time - at any moment - She said
to herself as watching the door. My life may be
here in the same room. And she began making up

My hand worn

my

Something is going to happen.

& her voice took on a particular

NYPL

gilt chairs alone on a balcony.
They went to supper. She took a thin-stemmed glass of wine
lifted it, rather regretfully because she did not like the
taste of wine. And then. It tasted a little like medicine.
And then, when she had drunk half her glass, she began to
feel, I feel my pulse. Now just between the shoulder
blades each little knob is becoming soft warm, soft;
& something now the memory of the back of my head;
now I am able to remount that little ridge which is
just behind my tongue. I will venture over the border - I will
say what I will venture - I will step out - I will enter in.
Just break.

And she said aloud to Mr Watson,
Tell me what you do; But of course it was
but the The accent of tragedy - there was a
accent on 'Tell' as if some weight fell on it;
& the voice boomed through some impediment;
& her voice was like a fluttering bird, which
hung flown out of the nest, found its wings weak
& fell & rose & fell & rose the bird-cat struck
him, struck him, his face, his eyes. They, both
caught, - & She rubbed again & felt the warmth -
softness not only in her, but a clarity everywhere -
warmth & softness seemed to circulate everybody
I am a valve She said to herself. This is my world.
No other is possible. This is what I am come to explore to
live to make my way. At her eyes raised themselves to
the door. When it opens, my life will be changed
She said to herself. Only a servant came in with a
tray. But next time - at any moment - She said
to herself watching the door. My life may be
here in this same room. And she began making up

The thought was

Something is going to happen.

& her voice rose in agitation

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~~a perfectly absurd~~

from what Mr Watson told her an extraordinary picture of people who crossed the Atlantic every year: who (he said he liked travel) & brought back in the docking (that was a word that had stuck in her mind from reading my memoirs) all the paraphernalia (caldrons pans (he said he liked kitchens) & then perfectly dressed, in their distinguished way — all she could see was merely lying on a bearskin in a studio. In ~~But that~~ ~~he understood.~~ Though her mind then embellished everything, every small abrupt fact about living in Chelsea, [illegible] eating dinners, liking pictures, ~~living a barrister~~ she knew that he understood all she was feeling; because their worlds were harmonious. But others might be much more so, she said, watching the door open. That slim one, looking so ~~like~~ ~~what~~ ~~why~~ ~~an elf~~ their distinguished; that one, like a Velasquez, so well groomed — And feeling their attention then caught, stopping conversation the body under the table. They parted. Indeed they were quite indifferent to each other.

the docking & the caldrons & the Chopin & the body then bodies become flat-mindless

And for a moment (going said now) with kindness, with want; with make my choice very carefully; Italy; with extreme discretion: ~~I will not~~ ~~But I can't~~ only what to do is that I am doing this, I can't help doing it: let he will come — & then her eye fell, by mistake, on a pot of flowers on eye, staring a little awkwardly, to answer some question.

Had it been wrong: yes, all out of proportion, hanging on discretion: the blue was too heavy; it made her pale; taken.

NYPL

with doubles are long practised – a last glitter at sunset:

frowsy, clothes

own open registers

what they were feeling underneath

Most fat woman.

How awkward, Jenny said; & she could remember the awkwardness, at school; the lanky, an awkward child; he name was Rhoda; & she remained awkward, but while she recognized the difference between them & thanked her stars that she looked not like that, it for nothing was clear that she had not one of a whole, her She made a divided impression – she was two things not one thing. She was cased in clothes inappropriately – She had something inept, out of keeping discordant – yet all the same, decisive & Jenny might be superficially, relieved to see what she was not made apparent, & then to feel more sure of herself, still beneath that – no doubt some memory of childish the shock Rhoda helped – She was also aware two, that if they were even of they were fools, & The woman Rhoda a fool, was also the fact was made her feel The Common Lot; some odd alien, an equal code of stupidity, amusing, unbroken, a current running in her veins something cordial, cynical, detached, hermetic, fundamental, a G[illegible] common knowledge of what life was They were after – girls at their first dance. Underneath the rivalry & the prettiness of flirting & effusiveness: the passion was brought under by the hard male body with its deep cut rills & went on independently – was like that they were, something sad grey enduring – very coolly made perceptible, for the first time so clearly, in this room of the unemployed elementary perceptions.

Rhoda remembered her. She is triumphant, she said to herself; I mean she is the very

NYPL

Lack of unanalyzed Experience

The avalanche of Jessalu

them ~~The others are~~ None of the others are that. The belong to the people who are that, the thought; types; the real people — The remembered the three girls going upstream arm in arm; To them she owed her perfect loyalty — a wondering admiration — an almost aesthetic joy — They were complete, & She look at seeing, — Expressive — the they only — The thought of The little narrow beauty of the girl who had gone to Hornwood a Home Whitby & then forever made Whitby radiant. And she became curious of the extraordinary stream & disparity of what she was; and what she felt; the tiger leaps: — that was her constant instinctive, habitual phrase, for this kind of thing: this frequently happening thing: this sequence of a sudden Catastrophe, Following upon groove Count; these disperse at the foot of Continuous avalanche of Experience — unsorted undifferentiated. The tiger leaps — Yes, when the door opened: when Mrs. Somebody began — with a cold of the heart the whole thing flashed into light. So Mrs — — asking her questions: Softly pulling her down from her tower into the Gulf as Susan easy to do when she was always — they offered one 'something' — nearly — each — something to really real — & to Refuse was difficult & how to give one whole mind to understanding — to envelop them with a pleasure about my husband — my dog — my son — I hope you will come. Let us — in understanding — that was the Chasm & the temptation — & the perpetual stimulus — & Yet to understand nothing! To be deceived without a face even. I have no face, the soul Other people are here bodily; I am one of them who come like unbidden — who think only with the mind — what is it — If I could grasp something about life — if I could make sure — before the Cart falls. The tiger springs — the avalanche falls — But End so I stand here, intelligent: an incomprehended.

NYPL

And always her sense of being unlike other people, & that not from some terrible secret of knowledge which Jenny had, that made her real affection, able to be quite sincere with that man she was talking to, overcame her. And she felt the desire for praise for encouragement: & a resentment that she showed it ~~the deposit~~ for so much cruelty - But down & ashamed. She felt terribly insincere: not in her body, but feeling both Martha, Fergus, Hugo over-ready; & doubting & doubting & fearing & making up stories: & wishing to appear what she knew she was not: sincere, natural. Like.

Jenny

NYPL

I am detached, dishonest, somehow not right. If people could
see me as I am how they would look despise me! What
a vile nature I have been given! What a deceitful I am! How
How untrue & untrustworthy & despicable I am!
I saw the ~~sense of suffering increased~~. With the quickening of
sensation; the passing of Frodsham, the slumbers of other lives
journey forward, introductions taking place, & complete
assuming the right look of duration, the sense of living
not the whole world, as the was sitting over the fire at
home, a vast light stuffed something ~~with~~ making a
Complete Globe, Universal, comprehending every thing
launched; was burst. ~~And~~ It was more like the being
One was ~~bother than another~~ - & ~~being~~ one's self ~~running~~ away,
~~& nothing able to catch it~~. Feeling that all the
things one had collected - believed in a tethered merely to
~~were~~ proved false. ~~And the was false~~ So they remained -
She had to stiffen & harden Even to keep herself putting forth
One answer ~~Rootable~~ remark after another. ~~an~~ another. And
thus she made no high impression - was always insincere:
was guilty of insincerities, was hopelessly untrustworthy; for
For the complete people had no such severance - no such
but Came into worms, met any collision, with complete
unanimity & were thus in what they said all of a
piece, sincere. It raged forward. As usual the
She felt that there was some simple like Knowledge
just beyond her grasp: Jenny had it: they all had it: &
look like therefore very simply, - were sincere, all
There was through. But she talked the atmos tried to be
dreamy ~~then~~ simple, extreme, sympathetic, blank, remote, -
something or other, whatever the thought of at the moment.
became nothing made a single impression on her - She was
always skeptical & afraid - afraid & nervous &

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NY

had no liabilities
would do anything to be liked - But for the most part people
want terribly & that thing - (the adored detestable thing
that practically everybody possesses the usual
quality so that they say damn it no: By God Yes -
& bang their fists down on the table. And then in
weariness, in despair at her own lack of the most
detestable qualities the hardened, for she did not wish
to damn the hated thing asked to do that would reveal her incompetency in the supreme art of
being a real person. in her despair she began forging
through trash — (as Libbie brother ce Duffi the unmated,
disorderly, battling fragments, things that had no meaning
for her, escaped her. haunted & baffled her, the words
flung her shoulder & let the burden fall & strike out,
with a backward sense of her ten worthiness, like a
golden dexterity. yet some feeling told that the battle
was not worth while, in her at heart, forward
reality; The ~~thing~~ that was to make for whatever out, beyond,
had, real: something intimate, her own, one of those unapparent
things that are germane to the soul; the metal that rustles:
the thing, to which she ached & stuck to. There was always
beyond those people, & she walked as if she had an end in
view, across the room (but she had no real end, like Jenny
no impulse no certainty) to the window, to the balcony, to the
night of the sky, when her own detestable on the was
actually, She was here feeling like that objective,
absolved, & let be herself, alone; past the sky, ~~so~~
Curiously barred with black. [Was a relation
that was terribly sincere. Was a relation ringing
like metal, very pure, ten mitigated, without
alloy, no question of adulating anxiety, only of letting me, of
being. A It was a great pool of light; barred with black.
An odd sky But ye know what I think. she said

to look like a person -

like a heart of her self, the meaning thing

in one terrible, not useful, perhaps bad relationship.

NYPL

addressing herself very hurriedly, in case she should be interrupted
I'm that; I'm not this. ~~Can't be helped~~. These are the things to be noted.
like the moment at the hurdle. Life has its back open. — I note
stages. It was a great relief after days so made up of —
~~of this extraordinary~~ program to be taken up here to here, alone.
Regardless as I am, here as I am, let me away then, down the
dark laurel groves, where the lantern go, & there is a statue
of ~~Apollo~~ Artemis in the shade. Let me be Shall I go out to
the fishing fleet? Shall I see the rippled waves? ~~Naiads~~ Now I
shall see the waves break on the shore —
the livid white ~~vault~~ foam was herself. The white, the
livid, the crazing, the unmitigated, the free — was her.
She was ~~galloping with~~ sweeping the shores of the world; yet
steadfast; high uplifted, piercing, aloof.

racing into the crannies of the rocks;
fishing
& falling off,

And then as always happened when the identification was
most complete, & she felt ~~so~~ complete there would come
whispering & whimpering at her ear [illegible] always
did topple over at the summit; — that one was posing &
pretending — self-glorifying. The mood always toppled
over at the summit. One felt ridiculous — If a
Why identify oneself; why this admixture of personality?
And then & then, suddenly one became exhausted, &
fell off from the edge of the moon: could not any longer
see the pillar of Artemis among the dark green laurels:
missed the next beat of the idea, as one might slip
from a galloping horse — fell from sheer slovenly incapacity
to carry on the race. ~~And one was not represented~~
~~there entirely~~. There was a folly, a meanness in
self glorification. Something radically unsatisfactory.
in being a self at all. Now & slow there, rather
glad to be in the room, with
& was left standing, rather weak, rather vulnerable

NYPL

suddenly become aware of the comfortable carpets, or whatever it might be.

I am being restored into life; become a part of the bubbling Cauldron. Gentle Hands stir me up & down. Wise remembering, something to be noted in the margin: for whatever obscurum is that we are not for a second let off. I am borne from one scheme to another. I am carried comfortably sentient. My soul is perpetually blown about. I am have no will. I am new percepts to be accepted. receive anything. I ~~have no~~ had allowed to her that her life had already lacked a million ~~things~~ aspects; that she had never ceased to be blown from one thing to another; that her being was ~~many-sided~~ a million ~~beans~~ aggers. Each ~~written over, that the interest~~ leaved back; that she could never ~~interpose~~ a thing by now: all was habitable, could be haunted; tenderly written over. And this is life, she said, chuckling that curious ~~secret knowledge~~ sensation which has just become obscure.

moved up & down.

Then they began singing. All those boarding boys, who had thrown off their brakes - Charles Richard Harry Richard - crammed close together with their hats & their footballs, shivering Summer & winter, the round faced, chubby little boys, with a cap dabbed at the top of the head; ~~the~~ boarding & their tender, swobbing stockings, boarding, all so uniform much alike, so anxious to be alike, to dress alike, to feel only as ~~in~~ about the others did, to do by means of to think, to swear, to laugh, to hate them Collect, to buy, to do whatever was done by the rest - They burst into chorus now, flinging out something very tuneless, very wholehearted; so that everybody's

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The bond song of the wounded.
the man who felt ourself led.
And with his eye: The soul awakens.
a shambling carriage - person
who goes with the garden.

The Town.

The Phantom Conversation
ah typhic.

heart inclined to it. Music like a roar of flame when the doors of an oven in a foundry are flung open - Music like the hunting wind. Music like the bolting & bounding of a swollen stream over boulders. It rose & fell exactly like a switch back railway. Music ~~music~~ sucked me up - & my throat hardened, & down & my throat loosened. It sucked me into its own sweet lusty body. All the little words were run together.

So ~~they sang~~ became molten, & soft & urgent & expensive. Sucked me & ~~me~~ me. As if under me, rolled a volume of warm water, very swift, very deep: & I accepted those words, any words, so long as they were sung in unison together.
Hallowing, tremendously united.

NYPL

Dec. 29th.

Coming back to the same place.

The clerks had shelved and now were there.

The bird which had sung in the dawn close to the bed room window had hopped. He hopped from twig to twig on the branch outside. The Usher was awake. Watched, Waited, Listened at the different walls. Pulled himself up, & perceived that after that Curious Experience, Sleep. The dawning into was over; & here was Day. He was awake, & so could feel on his bare flesh the heat, the waves of the cold & heat; the flats & pressures & blue; see the timbers & tumbles of bark, & as the Weather as a feel, imagining. the roughness of the grass, with cold dewy softness. Already there Hoar frosting. It might be rose smell, or mould smell, or merely Earth smell, when the frost is & when the little particles of Earth are thawed, that came into his nostrils. He felt his own body, with its muscles & nerves. Yawned: without stirring anything, or even touching anything. felt his body felt, imaginatively, the Steam & the Gale & the deep river water. He felt the muscles together. He felt the war of & beating of blood in his lungs; & the thump of the heart. And beneath that, he heard the barking of some hidden. The Cow Shepherds dog, at the barn, insistent & some Early bell in the mysterious Countryside Church, & the Cock shovelling the Coal, & then again the rocket cry of a child in a cottage. & he went into the Garden, & at his coming the bird hopped higher up. The Shadow disturbed them; it frightened the Scaldy cat much her eye near to the ground, the poaching, stealing Cat. He stood under the Tree in the orchard & the net of light, fell with & fast, fell over him. He kicked an unripe apple from the grass — an apple like a green stone. As held it up a second against the shining blue of the pure morning. He saw, in the middle distance,

wounded Dogue Hawk

The Grass was full of Curiously Little Lumps Flowers.

NYPL

a long low roar, like a rabbit with its snare, roar
branch past. Then, turning back to the house, through the
~~mist~~ mist, beyond the wood, all these movements, these way & that
& shapes, whereof remember, shapely & lasting, & these intervals
depths of colour bound him about, beat a him, rest up-
-roar in his blood - a shower of bright unclouded colour shook
flicked with sharp lightning. His hand clenched upon itself
so that the hard made red clefts in the palm.
The thicker ~~The~~ ~~The glass~~ His eyes were blazed: his
skin beat upon: his brain ached - like one stung
grey thin cords of electric ~~current~~ instrument in a heavy mazy wonderful
room, smelling good. ~~Dead as~~ Then was the
~~not~~ Come And then the breakfast table, & then the
frost & then the newspaper And the ~~hiss of the kettle, the~~
steam of coffee: & bacon cut in rashers, &
The thicker had ~~fainted in his~~ wound had gone about the
~~Judas, had~~ world; & been recalled, like somebody who
punches through a skylight ~~fair~~ like a drowner;
like ~~wrongly~~ was taking more unbelievably than ~~the stars~~.
like the ~~white~~ moon, riding unbelievably into clarity;
but through the valleys: for sleep had been a deep dear,
dark water, thick clouds, piled over him; & they
kept ~~them~~ him sheltered, but let him ~~shake~~ shake his
head ~~thought~~ them & rise to the top & wake to
dawn-wind torrent, the vast falling of all colours &
lights.

Thunder & people & colours, flowering one over another.

NYPL

The Town.

Love written
Dorothy

A train coming in.
The people getting out
A cab.
how they run scramble
upon the cab.
The boy with bad temper.
The Mists
A usual Wednesday. Monday
Mid-week. a
Barometer & factory chimneys

Dec. 30th.

Under the The barometer a factory chimneys, appearing in
outline, & above & the Churches & Factory chimneys, appearing in
City with its which was ~~no~~ dissolved in mist
all night, were impressive. No St. palaces or Cathedrals,
Could one have pierced what Hare Junction was, could one
have endowed them with their true grandeur
purpose. Like all towns Seen from a distance, London was
mysterious & sad - Vesta Anna so quiet, & so
immense, & so fallen seemed into a trance, thinking
the mood of profound meditation; a monstrous brooding, a
Perhaps one felt the power massed in all that vast conglomeration of human
for new shapes & ages to come Now and out, & Chaos there-
the more for the silence. It was only covering in by Nature
or by car Traffic over the thing itself. Now it appeared
Veiled before one, as a whole; the home, that mothers or
It contained a war & volume of sound; at last
London Enveloped, contained, folded all that in its
deep maternal, or Heart breast.

But each time the Train Stopped that into a station
& stopped & to let people in & out, or flashed through
past rows of rather bleak Copse and fields, & Parks
Walls & playlands, & the Valleys & the fields &
the Crowding were broken, in spots grassed; &
Nebulae more & more difficult for the whole
peaceful man & ensemble again. The train
Journey its way to Peckmalcoby into London
made the ends of the great Edifice which had
Cain so momentous & un touched crumble in:
Arras riddled & attacked; & only Ugly fragments
- Jebbed bulks - gutting horror - last Glory Shafts -
Towers left. Arrows in the Nation these are

a malarial Calm.

Fledged with

Near the frontier, beside the Sea.

Remained, unconquered, in ruins

NYPL

complete Chaos. ~~The train was all over due.~~

~~Around~~ ~~But hovered Everything~~. And the Mention that the long low powerful train, which had swept Kings to may be held & Queens had come lonely, had inspired some Uncertainty had a mind & booty & pleasure & Pleasure & Luxury when the passengers was broke - ~~and~~ they tumbled - Ridiculous Little ~~odds & ends~~, brothers off, separate, active, ~~but~~ irregular - Contradictory. And the shadow train slowly ~~pass up from~~ Crawled to Ream. But they on the other hand, seemingly drawn, Hugh enormously, for some were Lame, some were hampered with luggage, down Kennels, towards the clock, actively made off, running, some of them, fronting to ~~overtake~~ Get the first Chance that the ticket inspector, casting glances, more of them, at the ~~whirling~~ publicly Railway clock Face. For Heterogeneous as they were, disbelonging no wish to herd together, but to outrun, outhaul; Still they seemed dominated, by the same desire - to escape, to arrive, to hasten, to catch, to make their way, to be in time.

But when, after the short passage in the Tube, they rose again in light, & the left doors opened, & the street appeared, their unity was further disinvolved. It may have been the effect of daylight. Several blanked & stood irresolute; & them; ~~& again, the traffic, & their~~ disorganized & disorganize they seemed as one shaken loose, less certainly connected, & free to make Exits to left & right, & even to stay for a moment, hesitating, in some momentary Eclipse of purpose.

with mastery with distinction,

as if he [illegible] had been Chittabaja

& postulating in heaven

Hears the Clock they record

to outwit to out plan

broad populous. Assembly hat

NYPL

And then the power which could hardly be devined when they were hooded & pressed together, of Hats & Bonnets & Shoes — whether they were in fashion or old, new or patched, asserted itself; & the heads ~~which had~~ It became apparent that the head became clear, could Mash, when men separately, Carouche much ~~go nearer to~~ alike, must take their orders from Skirts & ~~from~~ boots; ~~& the~~ Muffling from the clothes under them. fine

Could never over come the clothes under them.

It was an ordinary day; Black Inhabs in the Country; how

Gregorth, Sowerwash

brother one thing now the other; Mr. Harben such, but brethren Clark, & Mrs Emily Blenthorne all took the ourselves. Henry Mitchell wanted to ~~wait~~ ~~in~~ town. Mrs. Clay had to consider the best way of reaching Orford Cross. But Lap thorne hailed a taxi. Miss Rose Phillipps had time. She pressed out boldly, to reach the office on foot. And as each made that decision, he or she became Still further separate, still more aware of their own detachment, or their own Special Circumstances.

Yet, even so, the act of walking & driving, in our Streams, High Streets, still exerted some smoothing, keeps nobbing power, an agitate upon the surface & the mind ~~so that it was impossible not to feel that~~ which became ~~hopelessness~~ ~~of~~ ~~pale grey, of a~~ a certain sliding pale grey, of a ~~certain~~ was ~~too~~ superficially ~~tranquilised~~, ~~expressing~~ sorrow; calculating, judging, & ~~meaning~~, as Keeps ~~of~~ the shop, with their ~~of~~-a luncheon, and Chairs or Iron material hanged. Yet nothing had time to sink very deep; & underneath the sliding surface there was something brooding watchful, conscious of the position of their particular Monday morning in the long unwinding ~~Drama~~ history;

NYPL

Who made them
seem lighter
& happier
more lovable
successful.

The Travel-shade no
Less ridiculously
Transcended
Realities.

Indeed the Known ash- the Imagin-
Look from his bottom hole. How
photographs in a boy on a horse,
Who people of a Lincoln
Fractures ash- Hood in Yes
or antelope are were protests
Sely Curious - our attempts
successful attempts to
permanent Lands & Ohio
people Print in mere
our Thin- Entirely.

And then, at a stopping, or in some perplexity of turning, that faded; & out sprang a violet gush of consciousness of ~~every~~ the moment which passed made the past, sank into darkness, into non-existence. And then again the moment's illumination ~~Were gone~~ faded, & the ~~mind was~~ there was again a ~~depths~~ steady stream, moody, brooding, quiet; & often the more often that they knew, somebody would begin talking to the whole world, to the large uniform comprehending thing who presided over this monotonous rhythmic world, this undifferentiated world these streams grey faces, these overcoats & these hats these trees this large & traffic. And then at another corner, again the impure world bits stuck it in horrors & rebukes in at the extraordinary folly & this speech: at its ayes & bellowings; at its boasting: at its vainglory: at ~~But so soon~~ that at once, in the office in the shop, in the ~~Eo.~~ assembly room or country house, each was similarly; in his normal attitude;

to his clerk Mr Harben much would act ~~Mr Tolbert~~ Drama. very Mommy Keyes. And he would put down his Cent ~~per~~ hint gravely decently. Then he would adopt ~~only~~ to ~~Lord~~ attentive Roberson clerk ~~would hasten~~ who thought was ~~to~~ whom he was so important, she said, right an ~~Mr~~ Spencer Jones. And so he would begin working at habens: he would ~~fade upon facts~~ stamp them, make reasons; evading deductions; — & then right, court & ~~as~~ formed, licked him ~~side~~ further into his own formulate; & braced him to ~~take the~~ reply decisively; Talky like a on the ~~of~~ until he was in ~~full speech~~ ~~Supreme Justice~~, ~~Supremely~~ apparently without hesitation a doubt or any other confusion

~~Just this~~

On the other hand, Mr.

Spasmodically the theatre presented by

broadly Reading overdoing

perfectly & completely worth effort or particular,

NYPL

Then indeed, such was the force of the walls, ~~or of the~~
with their legal books, & the windy ship, where they sold
theatre tickets, & the office with its noisy desks &
the Euphonic Linguaphone typewriters, & the great ~~Hall~~
Counter with the unknown men handling rolls of stuff
~~Dress material~~, that the whatever there was,
~~whatever~~ of quality & oddity & disparateness became shaped
shapes, like a marking ~~which the~~ made visible before & then,
like clay ~~thrown~~ to the heat, brought out, hardened &
~~made visible~~ like a mark held to the fire. Then, Mayhew
the Hunter Monk became a lawyer; Mr Clark a
Clerk broker; Mrs. Bunthorne a woman with a family;
Henry Mitchell a messenger boy; Miss Phelps a
typist; & that with, & always there was some
personality accenter they I am I. I don't
apparent in their mind, something which read as
wish to be other than) am, welcoming the advent of
I a feeling that I was to be instructed & exhorted at
whatever cost. And then to warm & ~~sympathetic~~
Came into mind queer recollections, & moments of
Lely approval, moments of unexpressed kindness &
private hates & dislikes, dexterities & hates & skills,
& here & there, a sudden concentration & clarifying of the
mind so that all that was personal seemed
adventitious; or, on the other hand, the mind was in
abeyance, & some more central & indelible personality
came (as Mrs Bunthorne) became paramount & manifested itself; a flame
which about her ~~daughter, marriage~~; & the
Her marriage & her eldest son, a reel & membrane of
anguish & awareness of the relations of young
people, & men & women, coming together, with their
different characters: & how stunned all but, on the
wedding day & that the thought of the young man

of taking the maid with pleasure or

& the ~~daughter~~ from this ~~out~~ the in & some page or text or letter long steeped in hers;

NYPL

who was wealthy clothe as a bridegroom; & her body was
lunged with maternity. young man capable of marriage, & the
woman with child.

And so each regained that sublime, drew into themselves,
arrayed the extraordinary irregularly & dimensionally
the hills shells nature, a diversion & antipathy & accidental
fortuitous & discovered ray into compact globes,
so that the universe was comprehensible, navigable, or
profitably arrayed in familiar ways. And, instinctively
as the many were on, Each man & woman paid to
avoid work; to keep their sense & familiarly & timely
circumspect; & only to admit such impression,
right words thoughts memories as furthered themselves
in their identity when, later Then down, when their
avoidance was familiarity was most intense, when
Everything seemed to yield to their oncoming, when they
were making their wishes known, & doing just what
whatever pole or potently whatever Command most
when most urgency & certainty — down
then that the discomfort of being was most alleged;
then that friction, of any sudden demand was tolerable;
then that life. was became swift great. Intolerable.
Restless: Even though none of them thought it: so this
word happiness never occurred to them.

NYPL

Lesefehler
Der Legat macht schon
Bemerkung, daß dort i Punkte
wirkte a Lautverschiebung,

it was then that they were furthest from the thought of death,
most embedded in life.

Then, as the day warmed, the dust rose,
& Each shop or villa had its — there were few richer yards not
the street, the Hotels, offices, parliaments, shops, offices,
Even the Villas of Art that were not full of
occupied, Emptiness without Everywhere, encampments, in
& the running in the Whereas before Noted,
these were wherever there were people, the sense of
& they would say the accent & energy was deepened: the sense of human life
having & subsiding sleep; taking every shape
that was conceivable; & succeeding every thing that it
touched into its own character: the barracks & Rockchester,
flower women, between men, women & children —
to Cæsars that wherever they congregated, at a
Camp, or as a refuge, there was a fair in the Egyptian
Colonies & Hellenic daylight — a marked
& extreme richness & variety; one life obscuring another,
Carelessly at once, breaking over it; arresting it one
type, breaking up the other; & a perpetual assertion
& indestructibility; a And Each had made
& made up of those that he had
was now drawn from such deep wells, & came
flocking from such secret ways that there was nothing
to relegate was impossible; communications were
almost helpless; these they & pushed on
by law, by business, by art, by Experience, by
Commerce — Each magnetised & drawn on,
they were. Women very seldom that the fury of
I merged in the feeling of war. And death was
far away. Even the mothers & elderly felt as
the most wedded that is my flesh, my life,
those I foresee that mechanically; & if I were to die,
it was this all held in me; But for the
most part the curiosity & fever, the delightful
sense of being a to Rockchester or a barracks on a

NYPL

Journalist or a mother or a dressmaker flew like a flag in the wind. There was an enormous calling to terrific exertion— calling so loudly & clearly that no one thought of the

At all: every movement was almost as instantaneous as the fall of a wave; as the hurrying rustling & hasting to the shore — which

to break, to fall, to cover the beach with water.

Here in the city, ~~even the~~ in every street, though there abundance of personality some flaunt building, domed or pinnacled had risen; some extravagance had forced itself up, had ~~risen & beyond the rest, had~~ in height or breath above the rest; with some device of stone, or statue or a had exceeded niche, or motto over the door. There was hardly a street without its exclamation, its claim, its proclamation; & what was already in the wrinkled here & there, lit up in the middle of the day. in letters of coloured light

Conversation.

Conversation

Jan 3rd

Unfortunately one cannot print those moments of illumination, said Bernard; those moments he continued, as he ~~was~~ gave handed his coat to the waiter, when everything becomes luminously plain. when life has no more mysteries, when the secret of the everyday street lays in the street yield up its secret. There are times when — ~~every book~~ death ~~reading~~ into its pocket. There are times when I seem to myself to be a wise man, sitting by the wayside seeing the future in a bowl of water. ~~How I like to be put Mary after one in these places~~ — I like the mysteries obscurely of this dancing room. ~~One gets the illusion of infinite distance~~ & the working flames ~~Give one the sense that~~ which are make ~~and~~ like little other windows into unknown

And if you were asked what in literal words.)

NYPL

Journalist or a mother or a dressmaker flew like a flag in the wind. There was an enterprise astir to terrific & exhausting to loudly & clearly that no one thought of the

At all: every movement was almost as phantasmal as the tale of a ware; as the hasting dwelling & hasting to the Nore — which

to break, to fade, to cover the beach with water.

Here in the city, ~~as in the~~ in every street, though there

abundance of personality some ~~flood~~ building, domed or pinnacled had been; some extravagance had forced itself up, had ~~sprung beyond the rest, had~~ in height or breath

had exceeded above the rest; with some fashion of stone, or statue in a niche, or motto over the door. There was hardly a street without its exclamation, its claim, its proclamation; & what was already in the ~~was~~ worked here & there, letters in the middle of the day. in letters of coloured light

Conversation:

Jan 8th

Conversation

Unfortunately one cannot print those moments of illumination, said Bernard; those moments he confessed, as he ~~was~~ gave his hundred ~~and~~ coat to the waiter, when everything becomes ~~hideously~~ opaque. when life has no more mysteries, when the secret of the ~~the~~ everyday that passes in the street yields up its secret. There are times when — ~~every book~~ ~~neatly~~ ~~into its pocket.~~ There are times when I seem ~~to myself to be a wise man,~~ sitting by the wayside seeing the future in a bowl of water. ~~How little logic there after one in these places~~ — like the mysterious obscurely & thin clouding vapour. ~~One gets the absurdity of infinite darkness~~, or the ~~gone over the same street~~ which are working flames ~~make and~~ like little other windows into ~~the room~~ (And if you were asked what in literal words.)

NYPL

Or

Or already that

The house is falling! There is an Echo which

a Couch - like the theatre a

~~Your Question~~ is the secret of life what would you say? Does the question convey anything to you? Are you ~~Or~~ do you think that the sentiment usually accepted that there is no meaning? ~~Do you not~~ or are we still too near the brute to make a picture to be feasible? To ~~Enhance~~ to conclude. Nature the only meaning that life has yet attained. That is what produces this ~~indecent~~ ~~like a~~ ~~Indecently~~; There is Louis, he ~~came~~ ~~ran~~ off, looking ~~like a~~ ~~Pan~~ at ~~himself~~ for a moment in the glass - the ~~is~~ ~~ever~~ ~~Infected~~ with his appearance. ~~We were asking~~ ~~what~~ the meaning ~~was~~. he said as Louis sat down ~~beside~~ Percival; ~~&~~ I am going to help myself to some ~~of that~~ ~~delicious~~ cold herring although the others had not ~~yet~~ come. ~~or~~ ~~the~~ ~~last~~ dinner ~~we shall ever eat here~~, said ~~this is~~ Louis. ~~The house is falling down.~~ There are ~~great~~ ~~pieces~~ ~~of~~ ~~plaster~~ ~~already~~ holding ~~step~~ ~~This is~~ falling down.

~~But~~ ~~This is going to be one of those evenings~~ -

~~I rather think~~, said Bernard, that this is going to be a ~~one of those evenings~~ ~~when~~ when the most commonplace remarks - pass the butter - or do you ~~like~~ ~~to~~ ~~talk~~ ~~or~~ ~~what~~ - ~~has a halo~~ ~~attached to it~~; as if ~~wound~~ they had hung a shell over our heads, ~~which~~ I have that feeling sometimes. Percival would say that ~~is~~ a bad thing. Percival dislike echoes. Percival is too ~~wise~~ to ~~never speaks~~, said Louis. ~~but~~ he won his ascendency over us. by saying nothing.

~~I~~ ~~wish now~~ ~~tell you~~ ~~I~~ ~~love you~~ dyerube ~~Love~~ ~~the character of Percival~~

Said Bernard. ~~my dear~~ ~~impudent~~ ~~impudence~~ of Percival, said Bernard. ~~He was terribly~~ ~~this~~ ~~impudence~~ ~~yes~~ ~~he~~ ~~impudence~~ ~~yes~~ certainly ~~he~~ ~~terribly~~ ~~marked~~ him. Even ~~that~~ as a boy. He was ~~terribly so clever~~ ~~He~~ ~~looked~~ ~~for reason~~ ~~why~~ - he did not ~~Gratitude~~ ~~?~~ but became curious of ~~Percival~~ ~~him~~ ~~he~~ ~~looked~~ as an summer Evening. He was not really attending to the sermon; but he ~~was~~ ~~a~~ ~~sort~~ of contemplative reverie

A2

NYPL

150280

1200

3000 60

4200

Bernard
Louis
Levesque
Levesque
Rhoda
Jenny

check retracted the next gun, while at the same time it conveyed his own opinion that the servants was nervous. Then his ascendency was moral, as well as physical. He was not ~~Good at Games~~. He was markedly unprecocious.
He was distinctly bad at games. Nor did he give way—
There is Susan, looking about her. We are here, Susan, he said, beckoning to her. ~~You will sit~~ We are discussing the moral ascendency of Percival; I must so an describing my first impression of his character
about him is that he

~~He loved a life~~ But ~~with~~ this impossible. Because
~~when any~~ as every new person who comes in, ~~does ideas of~~ are changed;
~~changes ones ideas~~. He is differ I no longer see him:
my the idea of Percival is changed. The change that Susan
makes is very subtle. Percival cares to ~~be indifferent~~. He-
lies in the midst you like the Crusader on his tomb.
Or Here he checked himself, because to have said anymore
would have been to ~~betray~~ touch that ~~was~~
~~Strange very tenderness~~ unexpressed curious quivering
whatever it was that began now rubbing over the
~~was~~ to face of Percival, so that he became
mobile, ~~full of tenderness~~, uneasy, extremely
sentient full of sensibility. Bernard But there
was Neville, coming at them, straight as a
dart, with that ~~perfect~~ extreme defencelessness
which made it seem as if, having seen them, he
disregarded everything else, came directly toward
them had no hesitations;
~~And there will be~~ And no sooner had Neville
sat down, than Rhoda came in, very ~~heatedly~~,
~~suddenly~~ abstractedly suddenly, for the head taken
care to hide, ~~as long~~ barely as long as the tongue,

NYPL

[illegible] afterwards from the side, & covering himself as long as he could [illegible] behind palm trees or waiters. [illegible] that it was a great shock, to confront them. And then, just as they were beginning to say what are we waiting for? Jenny stood for a second in what appeared then to be a doorway, for her [illegible], her emphasis she was able to put on her body made her [illegible] arrange themselves [illegible] a pattern. The [illegible] round in the table & chair arms became [illegible]. Duran here changed the body; Jenny head, changed his appearance, for I And when the rat drew. Louis, who was not satisfied with his appearance, put his hands under the table.

Jenny And [illegible] changes appearances, [illegible] Rhoda. Jenny changes bodies; I change nothing, became nobody & he knows I am here, Rhoda said to Neville, relaxing to [illegible] remedy for discomfort — a belief that she was invisible. But

I think this very But how mean, how [illegible] to think, when here we are, together, [illegible] & [illegible] could say everything aloud.

There are moments of illumination when Everything [illegible] perfectly plain, and Bernard has But Nancy knew that the great mystics have always been solitary. [illegible] You must, Jinny said, forget about [illegible] & he indicated what lay round them.

That [illegible] we all knew something very important, and

NYPL

Now like the first bar of a symphony said Jenny, tasting the
Hungarian, but delightful wine. You have said that before:
& you repeat it because that is the phrase at which
Everything else is going to grow.
We have nothing in common & what are yours.
And the memory, so distant that it has almost vanished
has become more than real, of a garden.
Of a name, whose tongue, from being lemon coloured turned a
rich chocolate brown.
Of a beach wood, & a woman sitting between two long very high up
windows waiting.
Of a clap of thunder & violet petals
And now. And then, we went to school, said Bernard.
To all sorts of different schools.
Since we changed, said Louis: Where we became
unrecognisable.
But then tonight we are together. and Jenny. Rhoda Susan.
The symphony then will be made of one to
What is different in us coming together. said Neville
Then is 'now', this is the present moment, said Jenny;
Before before us, said Percival; The eldest here is twenty three or four.
Or is it not already over? Louis cached, I feel that
We have lived so many lives. Thousands of lives
That at last is how I prefer to like to appear in my own
incomprehensibly: The terrors & cajoleries which make me so
ridiculous. When I came in, I smoothed my hair in
the hope of looking like the rest of you.
I never speak without trying to alter my accent.
Happen to think that the Louis you see, are already
loved — was an Arab prince, was an Italian nobleman,
was a great beast in the age of Elizabeth, was
a Duke at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. What
You see here & now is only the cinders of a volcano
of something once splendid but now, I think, burnt out

NYPL

4th Jan 1930

Everything were an inordinate vanity & the unchangeable horrors of suffering. But wait, let me try to be truthful.
~~also~~ I think I admire. Envy you — Bernard & Percival more of all, for they each have one essential gift — essential to life — I also hate you. I despise you. I think of you as my tormentors. I think of you as a caged tiger
I think of ~~you~~ ~~as~~ ~~bad~~ fat women looking down between the bars.
I am ~~sure~~ the fiercest, ~~most~~ the most powerful person here; ~~but~~ And my whole life, what I had
my life, artistically what remains to be lived, I perhaps ~~it~~
will not be long, will be spent in hatred & in contempt &
also in terror lest you laugh at me for my Australian
accent. I think I shall write one or two very short songs.
I will try to be honest too, said Jinny. You will
never succeed ~~in hating me~~, Louis for I think, but Rhoda
& the ~~certain~~, that ~~I don~~ I am irreconcilable. You will never
succeed in hating me. I think you will never be able to
hear my name, without coming; or to see me, even across
a room, ~~a~~ not come up to me. When I stood just now
Over there, everything as you approached ~~it~~ made a pattern
round me; I had the air of being perfectly prepared
for what I should hear; & when I sat down you felt
suddenly aware of ~~his~~ Clarissen, of your sufferings.
~~Nobody has ever loved life as I love it. Just then~~ I
~~has no part & no future~~. life; ~~passionately~~, but for me
it has neither past nor future. I can imagine
nothing beyond the moment, because my body is
much stronger than my imagination; & this my body
that goes before me, creating, as a lamp, ~~& the~~ the
hedge when one is driving at night. Rhoda
I shall ruin Louis; he will never ~~be~~ cease to
think of me

~~weaving~~ towards

~~You pushed~~ You put for here ~~I~~ ~~hand to~~ I ~~saw~~ her or under the table.

NYPL

And the imagination of the body is not as limited as you think."

"No, but there are many occasions when we shall not want you; said Neville. You demand admiration. Here is the doorway. There you stand, for a moment, prepared, making us look at you. But none of you saw me afterwards. I came quickly & directly, here, & knowing what I want. I want to attract the person whom I love. My life therefore seems to take on you power with a rapidity & a resolve which directness which is far greater a far greater rapidity & directness than any of yours. I am like a hound on the scent. Nothing else has such importance for me. Not the what I love. Riches, fame, beauty, I had them would [illegible] be important to me because I am go towards them. And I shall have riches & fame but I shall never have what I want. I lack the bodily graces & the courage that comes from them — the audacity & the fire of body, am timid, I am hesitating. I am for all my the swiftness is too of my mind is too strong for my body. I always fail before I reach the end. I falter in the fall in a heap, at the goal, despairing. I / I exult in the cruel ecstatic belief in the cruelty & strife. — never love. all the same, he said, I would not exchange with any of you. My emotions, my exclamations, my suffering, my written, if they are only of the mind, I suffer horribly. But I don't suffer, as Louis does, in order to make an effect. I have a far greater sense of fact than he has. I see everything — & absolute thing — with complete clarity, a Hoar without illusion. That is my agony. That is what makes my life a [illegible] & an increasing torment to me; & then, I am sane, in this excellent

I prefer for the danger of death.

or only by means to the end.

or all my

NYPL

What is what makes me the most miserable of an ass;

deluded

are resheet. ~~Curtable of illusion~~, and the horizon is always changing. I do not know when I have the horse whom I shall love in the evening, I am never stagnant; I have always risen from my worst disasters. But I am not happy. I shall grow old."

"If I could believe that I should grow old," said Rhoda, ~~the horror~~ I should be rid of one great fear. That ~~I am~~ person me — Discontinuous - incoherent - That nothing persists; one moment does ~~not~~ never lead to another. The door opens & a tiger leaps. That was why I came circling round the chairs so as to avoid the horror of the spring. I am afraid of you all. I am afraid of the shock of sensation (falling upon a mind which is without the power that you all possess) of ~~making~~ ~~I became~~ ~~I do not~~ am not able to make any which can not deal with it in the usual way — as

What you have the became

neville does - ~~by making it~~ ~~To have, every thing that happens is~~ an ~~incident~~ a ~~He has an end in view~~, ~~I~~ I a I have none. ~~I cannot make one moment spring naturally~~ ~~from another~~ ~~I cannot feel~~ I have no end in view. I do not know, as you all know, ~~that the Evening is bringing me~~ to a ~~how to run~~ minute to minute - how to hour in something inevitable & overwhelming. Whilst you are all embedded in life; I remain outside, ~~while~~ you call life. ~~while you~~ Neville You are are like hounds on the ~~Silent~~. while you are all like hounds on the scent I remain detached. I am not You all add moment & moment ~~to~~ in hesitatingly instinctively, because you have some end in view. That end makes your legs ~~seem~~ seem like the ~~pins~~ I ~~seem~~ as boys as ~~I~~ I am forest to a hound running on the scent. but there is no scent, no end; no person ~~not running~~ There is by whom I shall return the evening. There is

NYPL

to light up some tulip-
petals & the needled
sea holly

are times when I have no fear, no heat at all among you; when
there is nothing for you to know me by; ~~or for me to know you by~~; when
I seem to be in the foam, or in the moonlight; that
like a beam, neither this, nor that, the reach, the medium
not interchanging some patch of ground & then receding.
~~You have all some object upon which you fix your desires;~~ &
I have none, & therefore I shall Therefore I shall establish
no place for myself; I shall never marry. I shall have no
children; ~~I shall~~ And as, unfortunately, I constant
~~am subject to~~ I am very weak & very vain, & ~~desire with~~
~~such beyond everything to be like~~ what the people have. I
~~pretend to have~~ ~~is pretending~~ deception, am always trying to
deceive you. I ~~with you~~ am always unclothing the doings &
sayings of real people. That is of people with an end in view,
I have unceasingly for that love, ~~for~~ their admiration,
for their sympathy. Like Louis I would cheat my
cheeks ~~for~~ while I could ~~do~~ for it. If I could gain some
judgment such as you ask [illegible] some home ~~for~~
founded on natural happiness: I find some assurance that this
perpetual shock, when the tiger crouches, will cease, that
~~if I had~~ some assurance that ~~there is such~~ a thing as
~~growing old, having~~ are years on, that ~~as~~ ~~being~~ heavenly
in the space between the great leaps & the tiger's ~~is~~ that
life is continuous, that it will wrap me about, &
embed me in its folds. Therefore the people I love are
always ~~marry~~ women with ~~kept families~~ children, or men of action.
But my view of them is so false that they always deceive me.
I deceive you; but that is hardly blame?
Yes that is perfectly true, said Jinny. You are unreal to me.
I am a woman who will have many children.
When I came into the room tonight, I peered about,
among the tables & chairs, feeling like a cat with its
eye near to the ground. The smell of table & [illegible]
Chairs ~~in~~ & wine & ~~the~~ scent of is disturbing to me.

way
a ~~race~~ the
sea;

am
full
& trying to
understand the
lives of

but always
~~with a~~
sense of
frustration
because they
feel my
unreality.

with
fierce
words

do not
understand
you.

NYPL

I like to be in the fields, or in the road.
I like to see be with people who do not speak & feel when
something has to be done. I ~~understand~~ the sayings I understand but are
Exclamations of rage, love, or pain – The talk of ourselves
Cries seems to me ugly, like the undressing of some old woman, whose
that she is form had seemed part of her; but how one sees her ~~wrinkles & her~~ been
beautiful hearts. & her wrinkled thighs. When you say nothing, you are
beautiful. I shall have natural happiness. I shall
always go to bed tired. ~~not~~. I shall ~~then~~ by like a field
bearing crops in rotation. ~~And there will be long~~ dark
summer days when the heat stands over me; &
winter nights when I am cracked & cold in the moon. But she will
come after another peaceably naturally, & without my willing it or
unwilling it. ~~I shall be borne through life~~ like a
kind my children will carry me on; their nothing. Their
crying, their going to school & coming back, ~~will carry me on~~
~~like a wall make day follow day~~. But then I am
In the depth of passion, ~~very jealous~~. ~~That is what is good in me~~ – that is where I
far ~~not~~ surpass either Jenny or Rhoda. I shall have
accomplished much more than either of them. ~~where I shall~~
But on the other hand, & where you are all sensitive &
alive to the claims of the people I am debased by the
bedroom passion of maternity. Nothing will ever ~~make me~~
Come before my children – I shall think their fortunes, be impatient;
I shall hate those who see their faults; I shall lie about
many sided those chairs; I shall let them shut me out away
from you all. Also I am torn with ~~the passions~~ of
jealousy. I love with such ferocity that it almost
kills me when the object of my love throws by some vagary,
that I am too young to understand, him when he exclaim I
tear my hair; I beat my breast. I have no sense
of the beauty of words.

NYPL

"Then you are much to be envied" said Bernard.
If I had been born without any love of pleasure,
I should perhaps accomplish something. As it is,
I am unable to bear the pressure of solitude.
I cannot see my words curling up, like rings of smoke
when I am alone. Everything becomes dark. When Louis is alone,
he & he sees with certainty intends.
then the light is turned full on. Rhoda loves to be alone.
The fear in us that we shatter the sense of being
being which is reality, what is to be extreme in solitude.
But I have only come into being when I feel
the pressure of other people
that what I am speaking by means of
pressures. which upon me the presence of other people
in me which other people exert, drawing from me words in
rays; & that is fatal, for me there is
nevertheless in me; a character which is always being
that made up of something by all the people I've met;
who is not entire, but alloyed;
whose conversation is not entire as but fact
fabricated as the in a building there is
an insensible something inaccountable in it.
Hence the fact, which used to annoy you when I was at
school, that I can speak fluently & happily in the society
of boarding boys - there they stimulate me, they
bring me into existence as certainly as you do; &
these strangers too, you think less, perhaps, matter
you think less with you. Hence too the fact that
you find me sometimes when I am leaving you.
at a railway station before, when the train is moving,
you feel that it is not only the train, but that I am
leaving you, too, without any violent regret. I
have not your constancy or your for I am
not one person, an entity as you are, but
I am made & remade continually.
different
the boys with whom I am in boy brain-
seem to you always to be escaping

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people draw different words from me.

From the worldly view of success in life. there is decision I cannot strike hard; I am have none of ~~Neville~~ Knepe like decision, asheville. On the other hand, ~~character~~ decision, asheville. On the other hand, since my susceptibility to ~~this~~ the pressure of the human presence is so keen I am ~~very~~ ~~easily~~ influenced by life, I am more nervous, my colour, ~~weight~~ ~~nerves~~ ~~weight~~ ~~nerves~~ weight, than any of you. ~~Almost~~ any woman is confusical to me. My ~~flowers of phrase making~~ ~~Go for the very flowers of~~ love phrases ~~making~~ that is perhaps the most And my phrases are ~~much more than phrases.~~ They Than ~~the~~ a understanding of the moment in which I am much ~~the~~ superior. Everything that is in me is subtle payable. I ~~am no no ideas~~ for my understand me if you think that because I am dependent upon words that I do not bring something to it — something — a vision remarkable — very far-drawn, very subtle, very difficult of expression. But I am always trying to put it accurately. I am no ~~negro~~ I am generous & opulent even. I have very few prejudices. I am almost indifferent to my age) to what people think of me. I carry toleration perhaps too far. I am glad I am not entire, not Carlylean, not withdrawn into that hardness Emerson which only those who can get in solitude Even achieve. I am incapable of the great denials, renunciation, heroisms, ~~of life~~. ~~Get~~ Thus ~~I have to be happy.~~ I shall never write a perfect phrase; I shall never carry through an ardrous enterprise. But I shall have been truer to myself than any of you; I shall have been drawn into finer adventures, met wider people, & ~~yet~~ I shall always preserved something reasonable — ordinary & you like to talk of so-worldly about me, That no one ~~insults~~ me as ~~trying~~ ~~but~~ I shall be stupid. And I have a ~~an artist delight in the~~ ~~and glamour~~ ~~of~~ ~~in all I do~~, my phrases will live in the mind because they too are alloyed; as they alloy ~~something~~

I do not want one thing; I ~~enjoy~~ many things I envy many people want many things moderately.

like me that want ladies their own careless paid ~~thousands~~ pleasures

I often succeed.

that discreet reasonable

madly

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At the mention of death they all fell silent. Also each was sensible of the strain of trying to break the trance; of something acrid & angular in the shape which each had made to assume for a new wished to add, the former to add, above to embody something which would surpass these lines with in a that soft clear air, in which fade of shadow & colour & outline: of ambiguous Colours. movement. Yet nothing & wavering air.

In the silence they heard a flowing, murmur of which they had been unaware while they spoke; now it seemed to grow loud. Was it in the country it might have been the wind. Here, in the middle of London, it must be the wheels of innumerable motor cars. Occasionally a horn sounded; or some repeated high light bell rang; & now and, very far away, bringing in the reflection of a steamer of Where they lay the mast of the sea appearing on the horizon, a siren hooted from the funnel of a sea going Steamer. vessel.

The sound reminded them of that no other more than a week, Percival would be starting for India. He was leaving them.

But what is that unless it? said Louis, breaking the not so much breaking the silence, as breaking so low that his voice seemed to accompany the wheels of the motor cars. There is something that none can have had the courage to say: We have all spoken Creditably. Laboriously, trying to tell the truth. And we all felt feel new, unless I am mistaken, that the truth we have been able to speak is unsatisfactory. We have all tried to accentuate the things that make us unlike each other. But this is a symphony. We are also What is it that has brought us here? Our Common childhood in the first place. And the memory of distant Thursbury days. P. 153 But to-gether we are together," said Jinny

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thought we are together.

It is this love, love for Percival; something irrational: that is why we cannot speak of.

Is that why we are afraid to speak of it? Are we ashamed of it? Is it the thing we do not understand.

And then they were silent again, trying to put into words their sense of something powerful & confusing which had drawn them, from very different hearts, to this one spot at the same moment. But it was like.

Jerry down into a mine; & then, taking a lantern, & looking Standing on a ledge cut in the coal, & looking into a vast furrow coal black stream, with diamond hewn setting the red edges ceylon & the beautiful In all waves. rainy down them: fairy from cavern to cavern.

I wish with my heart I always make to red-cuban phrase that I am ashamed to speak that, said Percival shamed: I also feel that whether I have

It cut its way through cold rock;

It whirled her on, & they became dizzy looking at it. & red-cuban idea struck me, said Bernard, the first to become uneasy at the sight: as she angrily standing at the window shaving this morning. & I may truly I am trying to trespass this love that moves my razor. my fairy that we are in the hands of some irrational Constantly doing things which we cannot explain or defend. My hand moves over my chin quickly In a series of deft inevitable movements all day I have gone from one to another of these days done Listen — without reason. all our days are spent in we can hear it

They smiled, thinking that the rush of the wheels was the rush of millions of razors shaving millions of chins. Something swift & incomprehensible, automatic; Something terrifying. Something very low voiced guttural, & torrential. Something that never stops; Even while we sleep it

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it goes on; not listen to that cry. That is a drunken man: that is
an ambulance, a love egging ~~passing down~~ somewhere in Regent Street;
that is only a motor car, hooting at the corner: that is
the work of all the church together: & that is the a Clock
ticking; that is a steamer, taking Percival from us;

one not louder than another;

The tears are forming in my eyes, said Rhoda; I am
going to let them fall. I am not ashamed. I am not
afraid. I am going to speak ~~for~~ the truth before I die. Now does it
go? Must I make you. Make what that? ~~And what that~~
Songs in praise of love.
~~ful on the tear rises in my eye, & I~~ the song in praise of
~~Love~~? sing, a song in praise of love, asking for, to whom,
have ~~ashamed~~ my delicacies, to help me by understanding.

~~So then~~

Grant me in the first place a landscape. ~~Have~~ The hills
come down steeply & there where they meet is a ring of
grass; an enclosure; but it is between the sharp backs of the
hills ~~one must be able to~~ one must be able to see something
blue - the sea. ~~Against the hills~~ There are dark-leaved
bushes. Flowers, perhaps, but I know you smell. When we
have grown used to this dim still place, we ~~are coming~~
~~into the circle that some body who is not that some body~~
began to hear beating in unison, ~~singing in chorus~~, but this
~~began what words like the voices~~ singing on a loud
~~Then we be a youth & a maiden (&~~ and then we
see, among the dark leaves, ~~&~~ that form which
the figure ~~on the horizon~~ which has ~~walked~~ slowly
~~to have become more~~, landing on that beach, a lone:
~~have coming away~~. ~~The figure I suppose of~~ which has
~~risen~~ ~~that hill~~ the bitter hill, which has in has
come here, to be ~~for~~ beyond our reach. We
look at ~~him~~ speechless, at last feeling nothing, we reach
the ~~shall~~ by degrees began to feel that we have attained our
object. Look. He is not Percival; he is not Jinny.
nobody we have ever seen. not Percival, not Jinny, not
Jinny not Louis. He has no gestures of

Blues seen in the boatlyes.

Flowers in a

a very narrow ring of upland moor.

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famili[illegible], never beckon. Seem not to see us. ~~Cind~~
~~perhaps he is not blind~~ – Look how when he arose rests on
his knee, and bears ~~the angle that is~~ like ~~this~~ to some
musical instrument, the Virgin perhaps. And then again he is
~~like a~~ upright he is like a Column, something left standing;
& again, fallen, his he has the flow & turmoil, thigh flesh, & the
Sea waves But don't look too long or or to ~~Count that~~
Let the strength of your being harden into Hills; Look at the
its mysteriously processions – violet flowers, horn shelly-blue smoke,
held up, high, in the hands of all sorts of people like
counters – money, ~~Gamesfor bot~~ who, unheeding
looking at him, only for an instant over their shoulders,
pass indifferently – Catching stars are they ~~?~~ looking in at
shop windows ? I daresay. Their hands are full of
people who difficult to find the right ~~change~~ paper to give to the
boy Conductor. or to Him, into the This is a procession
passing. This is ~~what~~ here & now. (Calm to the
end the on rebeu wheels – to the host of the Cars.)
But ~~obs~~ I would be foolish to pretend, just for the sake
of preserving immaculate something pervade, unshaved, that
we do not turn once, leaping into the transient, ~~th~~ &
perhaps waving the hand with the pascal wave a
torch, ~~as to flame~~ to look rather pinkly stealthily, to us
Yellow-tapped ~~not to exhaust our~~ procession ~~or prove ourselves~~
such, at ~~what~~ that figure, which is not Jesus or Percival;
~~Adam~~ what is it The Look at it now again: when I looked
last he was like a triangle, like a column. Now,
like the flowing reeds that descend the Alps, like
avalanches of bright water. like the And now I
will tell you why I am sad. This instant, ~~together~~
with beauty ~~there is sadness~~. ~~There has come is a~~
looking at it again, – new. This instant, I is
flowing money descending. We has I cannot

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distinctly sufficiently. Have done what I said I would not do.
I am aware of the the down sink. The change, the folly
wakes, & the inveterate Wear; I am disabled too;
the moment Cannot last; the figure will not stay,
for me; & I can do nothy whatever to make more
of any. Look what time has made it already Weaken.
I look back at my Grave; at the circle of stuff; &
because I am very Reserved there, a because he is going,
then as I say, tears fall: but what shame, what sport.

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Her tears slid down her cheeks.
Her concern, – She was not afraid, not ashamed –
her tears falling, & called Jimmy – Neville; ~~made it~~
Both spoke together, Eagerly to protect her ~~emotion~~ tears
to make light of them) laughed, spoke together Eagerly:
"You have left out
~~the~~ shoes, ~~&~~ bicycle; ~~&~~ telegram, & the telephone
ringing & hearing him, rather gruff at first; & when
the letter came, when it doesn't come; ~~&~~ calculating
light & him when he doesn't see one – the back of the head
in the railway class; ~~his~~ arranging to meet: waiting;
his being late; ~~Oh the agony, the~~ ~~being~~ his coming
~~Cruelty~~; You've left out Jealousy; Suspicion;
hours, hours, hours of agony: lying tossing in bed;
waiting. ~~he doesn't~~ come: the bell rings; it's not him: he
has forgotten. He is with some one else; he is
indifferent. The rage; the tears; the intolerable
distress; then & then he relents; ~~but~~ & there is one
three days; (can't we three walk) ~~of bliss~~. A
morning on Wimbledon Heath. The Waterloo
Station, oddly enough; some village we ~~got to~~ in a storm,
we ~~had~~ tea in an arbour; ~~all that~~ There were the
~~we Even wish to re-live~~ early morning: & Get there
agony made the agony worth while. Now
all that ~~you have left out~~ leave out: all And, ~~worst~~
~~unbearable~~, the final rebuke.
Oh you have left out ~~the only thing~~ ~~Worth of life~~!
Everything!
At the recollection, their faces ~~became~~ deepen, ~~rubber~~,
the flesh seemed to grow richer & darker; ~~& more~~
flowers & rubber, like a stone calm & absorbed,
Yet the stillness was only that of something

laughing, laughing, laughing, laughed

voices coming up stairs;

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I've three days looking by steps,
& feel that the whole
refuge under backwaters the Thames,
or merely washing one coal on top of
another -

Quivering infinitely quickly. They seemed to have had some nocturnal, or
rapt;

What ~~she is there~~? Neville said, why seek what is
impossible? Why pretend ~~that we can understand~~;
why ~~indulge in fancies that there is any~~ or make up
things that are known to be untrue! ~~Also~~ There is no time —
I am twenty-five. Soon one will be employing one's whole powers in
another ~~one's own~~. We have at most five years more
left us. After that one may do what one likes — educate oneself
work be one's only occupation: — No doubt it is a good
thing to have an occupation ~~spirit~~ but now — when this
~~fresh~~ horrible to feel — the light ~~spirit~~ broken under the leaf,
the purple ~~in the wave~~ to feel the wave ~~to~~ golden
because he is there — the whole world deep, mysterious,
absorbing — and intoxicating — so haunted —
~~one does not know~~ who is coming in ~~each~~ new? ~~Each~~
~~Every adventure is possible — one has~~ what work next
week — next day — this instant here? —
~~How I need Jane~~, why then make ~~these~~
feathers? ~~a Grove: a Statue: procession.~~ Nothing
explanation, reason?
Here — the other person. ~~to possess him: to have him:~~ There is only one

~~How they have~~ Gay ~~me~~ to ride, under plumes,
Gin scale me, ~~as~~ the plumes go ~~possessed~~ tossing up & down;
~~and Jane: at Whale Jane Jane that Carol cadet.~~
with the light ~~waters~~ on your dark feather plumes. Nash green.

~~But then unfashionable, and Jane~~ —
~~And he is so dark~~, and Jane: But — We had red ears; ~~& he~~ and Jane
can only talk at least that is the reason ~~that~~
~~reason me~~ why, when I shape what I seem to be: when
~~I life is like I have my holytown heart~~ steal a million Eagle the Dragon that
Eating horns.

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Oh ~~but you have~~ But you have what are you talking about?
Not love. ~~Love~~. You have left out every thing.
His shoes. And the telephone ringing. And his
voice heard behind a door. And catching sight of him
when he does not see one. And then one waits.
And till he does not come. To get late & late
He has forgotten. He is with some one else; he is
indifferent. There is the agony - the intolerable despair -
And then there he is, unexpectedly; & then the rapture
The final rapture - Oh You have left out every thing.

X

"But he has red ears" said Louis; ~~large~~ red ears.
I see them, at the table next me, in the city chophouse.
Neville & Jinny ~~are both looking at something~~
do not see them. They see - something - he traced his
words, watching the light in their eyes gradually fade -
unreal, false. the bodies ~~this~~ phantom. & I see" he
narrowed his eye, looking between them, "a counter, with
sand under glass ~~cases~~ dishes, ~~a plated urn~~ &
clerks eating chops & spoons. Beyond them there is the
plate glass window, ~~through which~~ - ~~but~~ I see omnibuses, vans,
~~figures~~. I have seen. The heads & shoulders of clerks &
my love - I have not attained it & ~~did~~ at rare moments -
~~sentences all that to order.~~ It makes them intelligible.
Orders them to order. At present the incoherency & mu-
tilate - the fact that this a obstacle for the eye &
has no meaning for the mind - drowns ~~it~~ goads me
to perpetual revolt: is the cause what suffering
that I choke or. forbids me to acquiesce as you do in

when They see them, the light ~~is~~ on - & we do something: so ~~instead~~, as their eyes fade

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these personal delights I am prevented from loving by the need of loving more of loving everything That you — because you who are the people whom I could most love, except you stand out; you assert; you, with your great gifts. Next your Eyes, perfect American clear-cut young men with red Ears; Not pass one to another, always seeking what is personal & private: have no order, no continuity; are love, like Rhoda, in flashes in moments; & like Neville & Jinny in a trance. But These are moments when I have achieved harmony, as I said in Poetry. You. They are the most sublime, except love. But I am not And my life — if I can endure it — I am as you know much inclined to end it — will be spent in further reducing my self to order; then in wearing it to threads engaged all this too. rendezvous heaven by the trees, the strong waterpots — hale up & dry, with the gulls wild duck overhead; which she sees between the trees, women with bad teeth eating buns. But I am quite aware of my own inadequacies: and the fact that I am happy here & now.

"Susan & Bernard are not going to say anything" said Bernard. "And maybe I think because it's so because much easier for me to think than to be silent, Phrases you know — my tendency. Once more. I think Can you pattern; with them understand; How we what Each is feeling; I am like one a Poet looking down, bringing us I think I see everything: Perhaps that's painful? the reason why I am not passionate. "Or am I passionate? I am in love. I am very happy. But the fact is that this is because that I have become engaged this morning. I do not know. I shall be married in a month. I ought to be But it's like walking I walked into a

adding to the number of separate objects:

I call them words.

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Smack into a hell of a boy. Perhaps in a week, or a month. I shall be able to describe it. At the moment. I have walked into a hell of a boy: I ~~know less about it than you do.~~
Of his words, the ~~tree~~ feel of the fruit. The flame-lady with
made him Madrid candle, ~~a~~ worms, the crumbs of rolls. the tents of light & shadows the knives & forks, the flowers - the little flowers, & eyes left at the edge of plates. the long glistening table cloth, became very clear;
They ~~They~~ felt. ~~two, something~~ the shock of the collision with something hard. ~~for a moment~~ were stunned them for a moment: & then, ~~any~~ ~~in~~ ~~if the shock had turned~~
them, ~~they~~ ~~everything~~ ~~as~~ ~~might happen if the veils had~~
trembled & felt ~~been taken off~~, ~~something had had~~ the shock ~~having~~ had
made things fall, ~~they~~ ~~were~~ ~~little~~ shaken down veil, mist, & dark hangings
from the eyes, ~~everything~~ they were. the table, the flowers. The
~~orange hot~~ front hall, the little lumps of meat & salt on
the edge of plates, the ~~half~~ crumbled rolls, ~~all~~ the
clear ~~wanted~~ faces ~~seemed to be heightened~~, for the first time
"It is this ~~that~~ unites us. - said Rhoda speaking to Louis,
for all the others were talking; ~~much more~~ action, not love.
We are all ~~now~~ agog for the next thing to happen. We are
moving.
"One sense of separateness has gone: we are ~~one~~ ~~together~~ ~~we are~~
Conveyed by the ~~going~~ headlong, battered by bitter waves, one thing happening
after another. The sense of adventure fills us; we are
~~on the~~ ~~looks~~ out. ~~Any thing may~~ We do not know what is
Coming next. ~~Listen~~ ~~We feel that~~ Bernard has
Launched ~~humbly~~ broken on immortality. Life we
~~feel that~~. have not failed.
~~We~~ ~~Everything becomes visible~~
Our energies are now called out. We are
Calculating how much we can live on: & where to
Get a home; & ~~when the boys~~ ~~when~~ his
~~you~~ Comes back again in fresh waves, instead of
Stretching out.
Look two, ~~how the~~ We have become conscious two of

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lead against the wall, reserve, tact, like

Then room has become suddenly, walled, a tent: a detail (clear: away, withdrawn)

Use for tutor (Percival has resigned as Old School friend)

of the other people; curious of them, not merely decoratively, like ~~a child~~ ~~2 red~~ the bullion on an inlaid box, – but in the world, with ~~we are curious of~~ them as animals: ~~as~~ struggling struggling ~~getting~~ ~~engaged in~~ the same driven pain due to us.

We are curious of ~~them~~ ourselves; ~~took them~~. We are ~~of~~ also of some common feeling – the Common feeling of danger, a change, a movement. ~~Both~~ We are curious of curiously, overhovering ~~and~~ direction. ~~to get at them~~, ~~us~~ ~~About~~ drives us to ~~make~~ ~~cross the room~~. to lean back over our chairs, at the presence of Theseus to the waiter, in order to ~~see them~~ overhear what they are saying at And they are doing the same thing.

This relationship, which is hard relief for it comes to us from the necessity of thought – ~~of~~ to release ~~some~~ power to much stronger them love, ~~something~~ deeper. more instinctive under that stream, upon which ~~this~~ ~~saturates~~ us, ~~so~~ ~~that~~ we cannot ~~even for a~~ begin to name it, or isolate it, as for ~~you~~ do, it ~~covers~~ instantly – Listen to the root of things it makes us say.

You can get them so that they don't crack.

This all the Knightsbridge behind a mew.

~~And~~ ~~But she is his daughter~~ You have got it wrong. She is his daughter; not his sister.

Facts. you see; ah facts; That is the life of action; pathetically ~~causing us to~~ summon all our resources, to explore places where words cannot go; ~~making~~ ~~speaking~~ making words ~~us~~ brutally, ~~us~~ ~~nervously~~ touching this muscle taut, that nerve suppler; making us more legs & arms. making the heart sound ten ~~times~~ ~~fully~~; ~~for~~ Driving the blood ~~is great~~ surge through the veins. making The whole mechanism function: & forever ~~the~~ top turned, as a ~~we~~, ~~watched~~ ~~that~~ it lulls asleep ~~that~~ the waking eye. The dreamy eye. But both how early & naturally ~~at~~ what rises up At natural energy & finds it drives to. Look at Jenny; & Jasper: & Percival. How victorious & ~~Their~~ Anyone they seem, as they ~~are~~ Think; how the hair seems to become luminous; the eyes radiant, like the

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eyes of race horses, or animals running or hunting. Among
them with keen nostrils & eyes near to the ground.
But with the Eglamont is combined something else
also that new the animal Element, the sense of pinch, of danger, of
delight in the use of muscle & speed is bringing the
pulse thro' the thigh. The breath of wet leaves. The instinct of
adventure & chase is now going to break up this party.
It brought us together — to five minutes — now this going to
part us; out of that glass door, which swings round &
round, which has scarcely ceased to swing.

They got up, wiping the crumbs from their knees
away, pulling down the points of their waistcoats. Their
wits done with. Then they took their coats with alacrity.
And then, pausing for a moment round the table,
Neville said, "But I shall miss you, Percival"
& once more, in by very different something, an echo round
in the dark for echo, something like the spring or type,
some pattern shared, & pausing, ravishly, seized them.
What was in common was there; here & now; & between
made of them all, twined round, real, fast; in colour, music,
beautiful; it was to be destroyed.

But why, they fretted as they could not calm
it. Force beyond them compelled them. They
turned harshly away. And the moment, then broken,
was swept swiftly, on the flaming Norman current,
& speeded on south to join that Ha. Johnson,
Shakespeare, Plato — if you like; & the innumerable
Cappefalini of past old moments as moments broken by acts.
Calm. Last Unity — beautiful one; real now; & now —
They stood at the door looking for taxis — only to be
remembered. It died away, fast; but towards
them came something inscrutable. There was the
long. Equably lit street; clear; yet dark; very
warm. Branched by wheels; The Sky was clear &
very dark bed ahead. "The decencies are
admirably preserved" "new Bond" looking. There is something
inscrutable in the prospect. "It lays one on"

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The room was bright now. Cupboard, table, chair. Plate, Knife fork — Each [illegible] was outlined, filled in; made of
Gelten square, angular, many; their or, again a slice of
light, a prong of silver; or a circle of [illegible] circular,
spread [illegible] in a round platter of white china
The sun, no longer [illegible] haly seen, or haly concealed,
had risen; perfectly uncompromising, unalterable, evident;
[illegible] taking its station in mid air; no
longer to be hinted at in veiled terms, or likened to pink or
golden; or Youth or man; no longer touched on a sea
matters; or seeing hereby with watery jewels, or
sending across wavery a [illegible] lance
that quivered like the [illegible] fired & flashed. quivered a
Ladies, in the curtain, like leaping like the flanks of
some dying, some other failing, dying, dolphin, haley, dyer, or
the flank of some blade of. Now the sun burnt.
It fell struck upon the sand, upon the rock; made Vaulted
Each hood; showed him a rusty cartwheel; there an old
boat, with an iron, without sail; take had an iron;
gave to everything its exact measure of colour — its to the
sand hills their innumerable shades, to the wild
grasses their green & yellow, — & meeting whereupon it
might be — a long, [illegible] [illegible] Cottages. the
the whole wide [illegible] the the arid
Indian waste of India; the dry land, with its little
furrows, sandy, here a little wind deepened into
furrow, piled into desolate caverns, or here straitly
cultivated; or dotted with stunted jungle, [illegible] up;
up the [illegible] with gilt smooth headed mosque; or the
Cluster of Indian village; & the vast river, & the
hoarse the sail [illegible] of [illegible] white sand
bright with [illegible] wrinkled, [illegible] long breasted, white haired.
women, [illegible] among their wrinkled. [illegible] heavy
them white on the stones.

Coated with glaze.

sandy

against the sunset in its reflected glow;

negated

the wrinkled linen

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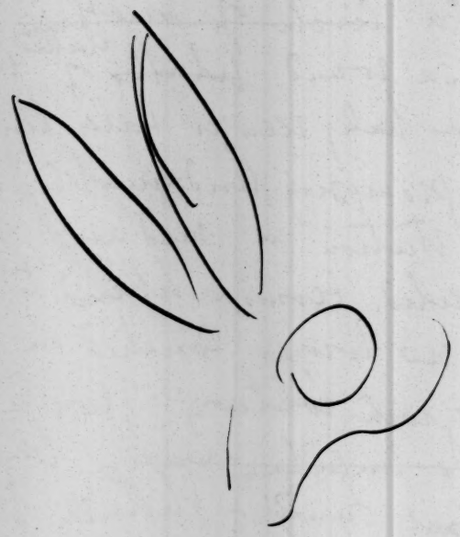
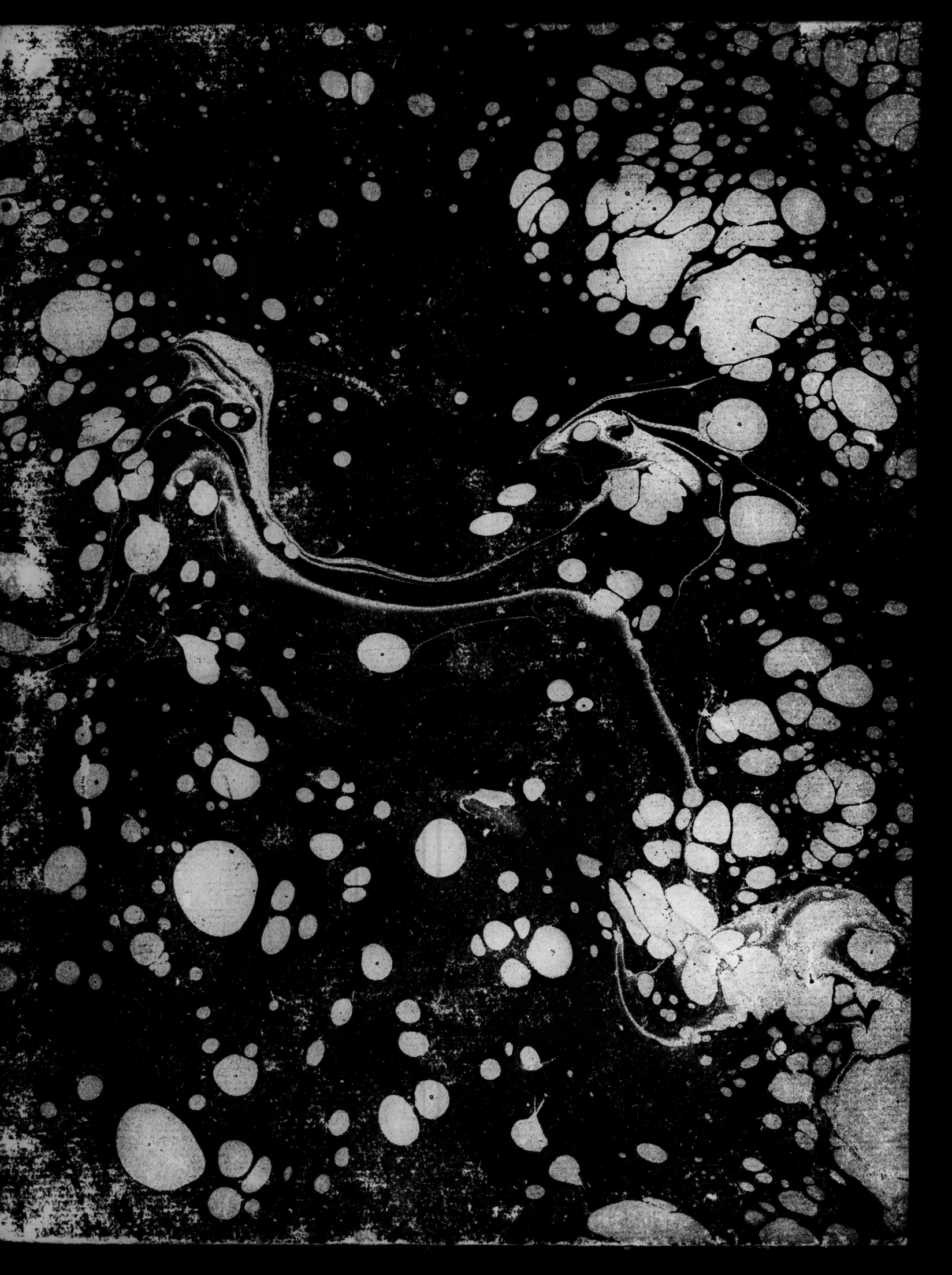


of steamers, were caught in the level plane, beat up again
from the ~~sea~~ waves; & it beat through the awnings, &
made ~~the~~ flowerbeds, trees, beaded with moisture ~~the~~
all its variety of hawthorns; its many swarm of life; its
as they ~~lounged~~ lay dozing, or paced, or gathered in groups, or
lolled, alone, down into the sea, where a few shaded ~~hands~~
Eyes, under pith helmets, tendered green cool umbrellas,
for the ~~ships~~ were crowded; their ~~little~~ hooked together
~~crowded~~ ~~of~~ sides, compressing ~~such a~~ swarm ~~variety~~ of breeders;
Compact with timber, compressing per the voyage a
swarm of workers; a live ~~of~~ shot perfume ~~was~~
~~to~~ people with their planes tenderer than India; or
again, ~~&~~ then, it drew out the verdure & moisture of the
thick woods of France; & of Ireland; steep the cows
standing in the reflecting pools; the heron & the lake; the
slow sail of shadows over ~~young~~ the many colours of the
Cultivated weald, & the ash grey churches, with their
dark ivy.

Saturday, June 18th 1930